

The Corsair.

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MY LAST CIGAR.

The mighty Thebes, and Babylon the Great,
Imperial Rome, in turn, have bow'd to fate—
So this great world, and each "particular star"
Must all burn out, like you, my last cigar.

A puff, a transient fire, that ends in smoke,
Are all that's given to man—that bitter joke!
Youth, Hope, and Love, three whiffs of passing zest,
Then come the ashes, and the long, long rest!

YE STARS THAT ARE THE POETRY OF HEAVEN.

Now night o'er the world hath her banner unfurl'd,
Bespangled with spots which we mortals call stars.
It is without joking the Gods who are smoking,
These lights are the ends of Havannah cigars.

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder bands—
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily—
Christian, steer home!
Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, then!
Hold the helm fast!
So let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman!
What of the night!
"Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right!"
Be watchful, be vigilant;
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.
How! gains the leak so fast!
Clear out the hold;
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold.
There—let the ingots go;
Now the ship rights:
Hurra! the harbour's near—
Lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the highland:
Crowd all thy canvass on,
Cut through the foam:
Christian, cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!

STANZAS.

TO A LADY.

Nav, ask me not to smile, lady, 'twould be a cheerless ray,
Like the beaming mockery of the sun upon a wintry day;

For smiles are but deceitful things, which only joy impart
When their radiance is emitted from the sunshine of the heart.
But mine is cold and rayless, for all within is night,
And not thy voice can summon from its midnight darkness—light.
Then ask me not to smile, lady, my spirit will but mourn,
Like the turtle in its loneliness from a loved companion torn.
So when my soul its sister saw complete her sad career,
For when its sister pass'd away upon the gloomy bier
It drooped its wings to plume them only for another sphere.
The music of my soul is hushed with her soft breath, the strain
Departed—it will never wake to harmony again.
Then ask me not to smile lady, nor blame me that I weep,
To calm the spirit which must still its sorrowing vigils keep.
Life is at best a bitter draught from sorrow's goblet fill'd,
And tears are sweet'ning drops therein by mercy's hand distill'd.

MONTAGUE.

PENCILLINGS OF POLITICIANS.

BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

"Nec vox hominum sonat."

"What a dreadful screeching little man," I once heard a young gentle man, in white kid gloves, sitting underneath the gallery, observe. "True for you, that!" answered a newly-imported chip from the Emerald Isle; "and, may be, he won't scratch the life out of that big, fat fellow there;" pointing with irreverend scorn to Lord Althorp, the leader of the House of Commons. The speaker who drew forth these observations was a man who gave me the strongest possible idea of an "industrious flea." Some little men are inconsistent in their littleness; they have enormous conchs for noses, terribly disproportionately-sized heads, or they are awful in their rotundity. This little man is consistent throughout. He is little in stature, little in face, little in feature, and very little in eyes. But then, like many other little men, he appears to be made out of watch springs. Those Indians who place their idea of happiness in continual rest, and call their god "The Immovable," would certainly look upon him as the most unhappy of wretches. Rest!—this man never knew what it was. I would risk a trifling wager that he sleeps upon a spring mattress, or employs some machinery by which he may continue throughout the night in perpetual motion. Rest in the House of Commons is, at any rate, out of the question. There he is as continually moving as an aspen leaf. His body is so little that the soul appears to do exactly what she likes with it, and flutters and dances about without feeling the weight of it. If he is not listening to the speaker, he is talking to his neighbour, and then every limb is in motion to enforce what he is saying; if he is listening to the speaker, then it is impossible to say what antics he may not be playing. He, probably, has got his right foot in his left hand, and is sawing himself to and fro; or, perhaps he is leaning forward, with his hand clenched, as far as his little neck will stretch, and impressing you with the idea that he must come down upon his nose. Then his eyes—how they twist and twirl and flash and twinkle about! They are fixed upon the speaker with a power which, properly applied, would certainly send a bullet through him, or they are thrice every second in every corner of the house, and in every man's face sitting in it. I wouldn't live with that man for the universe. He would give me a St. Vitus's dance in two days.

Then, listen to him speaking. He jumps up from his seat as though he had been shot out of a popgun, or as if he were propelled upwards by the sudden action of some of those watch-springs of which I am so confident he is composed. Immediately he has made this leap from his seat to the floor, he is thenceforward unconscious of all his arms and legs and his body generally, except his tongue, may do. His gestures—his rushing to and fro—his frequent attacks upon the table—his sharp, reiterated raps—and his equally sudden recoil towards the bench, are all things of which he is perfectly unconscious, and which are occasioned by no volition upon his part. This absurdity of gesture while speaking, appears a peculiarity of his country. I have seen Irishmen deliberately take off their gloves when they were upon the point of arriving at a climax of declamatory horrors, fold them neatly up one within the other, and the wrist part turned over as neatly as any chambermaid in the country could have done it; then, in a moment, tear them asunder, and as deliberately put them on again. I have seen O'Connell deliberately untie his cravat, in the very height of indignant eloquence, and throw it into his hat, with a vehemence that threatened to knock the crown out. I have heard that Feargus O'Connor actually took his green frock coat off in the heat of debate, and that the ladies over the ventilator, looked on with horror, not knowing what next might occur. No one has ever heard a passionate Irishman speak without some instance of this temporary oblivion to the movements of the body. It is the natural consequence of that hot and passionate temperament which gives the peculiar character to their eloquence—which teaches them to declaim, and incapacitates them to reason—which gives them language and imagery, but denies them the power of argument—which empowers them to tell so well how strongly they themselves feel, but leaves them unable to tell others why they also ought to feel the same. Whatever the original moving cause

of their advocacy—whether it be a guinea fee to defend a pickpocket, a wish to get a friend out of a scrape into which he has thrust himself, or the highest impulse of disinterested patriotism—if his part is taken, an Irishman's heart and soul is in his speech, and he will mercilessly demolish his only hat—cast upon the ground, in shivers, his invaluable spectacles, which can never be replaced—or perpetrate any other act which gods and men would look on as absurd, nor ever know what he had done until his hour of inspiration was over, and his dilapidated property thrust itself reproachfully before his notice.

These things are, perhaps, more ridiculous in little men than in men of larger stature. Passion in a huge and athletic form seldom strikes us as laughable, however expressed, for there is an evident congruity between the will and the power, and the idea of power is essentially opposed to that of ridicule. We see nothing absurd in the utterance of violent language being accompanied by the violent gesticulation of an arm which would strike like a sledge-hammer; but we do feel inclined to laugh when the crash of kingdoms is exemplified by a pony, child like blow, struck by a spare and feeble arm. There is, however, another conducive to dignity in gesticulation. Sheil would appear absurd and laughable, indeed, were it not for the greatness and reality of the passion he evinces. We see the passion which moves him, and not the form. That, at least, is mighty—of a might which has something in it of the character of sublimity—a power which, like the tempest, is made as manifest in the whirling of a straw as in the whelming of a navy.

Sheil's manner and gesture, therefore, are those of the most fiery and mercurial of his countrymen. His language corresponds. It is rich in metaphor—crowded with imagery—emphatic, strong, and dashing—bitter and sarcastic—lofty and passionate—but never cool and argumentative. If he makes a convert, it must be by force. The man whom Sheil changes from an opponent to a friend must be one whose imagination will kindle from the burning of that of the orator's; who will be convinced of the truth of what he utters from the manner and evident earnestness of the speaker; who will render up his judgment to the influence of passion, and will be borne upon the phosphoric tide without an inquiry why or whither he is going. I confess that my imagination is not so strong or so combustible; I have formed a habit of looking out for facts, and of arriving at a conclusion by the old process of a comparison of well examined premises. Much as I admire Sheil, and great as is the entertainment I derive from his speeches, I doubt whether he would ever convince me as to the most simple question upon which I was uninformed and undecided.

Yet, Sheil is listened to with great attention in the House of Commons, and is decidedly popular with the House. What he utters is so sparkling, and so impregnated with talent, that it cannot but arrest the attention. Showy oratory, if really good, which, by-the-by, in these days it very, very seldom is, is always favoured by a large assembly, which usually puts much more value upon the *dulce* than the *utile*, and if they have the *delectando*, will readily forgive the *monendo*.

It must be for his matter, that is, his language alone, that Sheil is listened to; for nothing can be more execrable than his voice. It is something between a squeak and a croak, cracking at every sentence in all sorts of ways, like a piece of starred glass, and sounding, at intervals, almost as singular as those of professed ventriloquists. Then, he utters what he has to say with such enormous rapidity, that no half-dozen shorthand writers can keep pace with him; and a man who has been chatting and lounging during his oration, will wonder, when the sudden silence makes him look round, whether it was not a chattering of some foreign language which has been going on so long.

From this gesture of passion and great rapidity of delivery we should infer that Sheil was altogether an extempore speaker. A man so entirely under the influence of passion would appear to be removed from the possibility of previous study, and unable to recollect not only previously-written sentences, but even any heads or topics of declamation which he may have marked out in thought. This is not so. Sheil is a man who speaks a written speech, and who learns by heart every word of that passionate harangue which he delivers with such rapidity. Quick, and voluble, and energetic as he is, all his energy and volubility are the result of hard previous labour. Every idea has been elaborated and polished before it is sent forth; every apostrophe has been conned and reperused until it was thought to be sufficiently sharp and startling. The eloquence that is poured forth so prodigally is the coinage of his brain, and its rapid delivery is the result of very great labour. If the perfection of art is the concealment of art, then is Sheil certainly successful; for, were the fact not made certain by irrefragable proof, the auditor would declare Sheil to be the last man among the whole assembled Commons whom he would have suspected of studying the speech he had heard him make.

This is no denial of Sheil's powers; and is, in all other respects, greatly to his credit. I know of no really powerful orator who has not burned much midnight oil over his orations. I doubt very much the truth of the saying *poeta nascitur*. I have no doubt whatever of the truth of the remainder of the sentence *orator fit*. Nature and impudence may make a Cleon—patience, genius, and laboriously-acquired habit must combine to form a Demosthenes. Sheil's care and diligence do not prove that he cannot speak extemporaneously; indeed he has shown, upon several occasions that he can; they only declare that he is determined to do the best he can—for all know that that which is prepared with diligence is better than that which is conceived and thrown off in haste.

But, upon the very same principle that we commend this orator for his praiseworthy industry in preparing his speeches, we must allow this fact to weigh against him in our estimation of the order of his intellect. Had I only heard Sheil speak in the House of Commons, I should have thought him a man of genius, and should have expected from him a great and important influence upon the age in which he was cast. Unfortunately, however, for his reputation, he has written—and published—and his writings are precisely of that character which test the order of a man's mind. From these we may learn that Sheil is a man of great talent, and of a capacity to display that talent in a showy manner. But he is not a man who has any pretensions to genius. This is not the place to discuss the distinction.

Sheil's practice of writing out his speeches has led him into several rather ludicrous positions. Every one remembers the mischance which rendered him the butt of all the wittings of the Tory press, and gave them the opportunity of sneering at him as the hero of Penenden-heath.—When the men of Kent met in tens of thousands to say that the Reform Bill should become a law, and Sir Edward Knatchbull, who had been as immovable from the representation of that county as the heath itself is from its site, was hooted from the hustings by his own tenantry, Sheil also went down to pour forth his eloquence in aid of the cause. With a praiseworthy desire that what he said should not be lost to the country generally, he delivered his notes to the reporters of *The Sun*, I think, with an injunction that they should not be used until the speech had been delivered. When he began to speak, the commotion caused by the presence of a small body of Tories was tremendous; moreover, the prejudice then existing against Irishmen was very great; the people would scarcely listen to O'Connell, it was their own cause, and they wished to fight it out by themselves. Amid the din, Sheil's thin, screeching voice could not be heard, and after about an hour's striving against the commotion, he was obliged to retire and leave the field to men more known to and trusted by the audience. Unfortunately the reporters had not kept faith with him. They had set up the speech directly they got possession of it, and the next morning out it came in three mortal columns, interlarded with most frequent and encouraging "Hear, hears," and occasional notes of "Tremendous cheering!" The report of *The Sun* or *The Chronicle*, I forget which it was, being altogether at variance with those of the other papers, some inquiry was of course set on foot, and the curiosity of the public was regaled with a full account of the facts. Great was then the amusement of those profound people who, finding it quite easy and natural to deliver themselves, at a moment's notice, of any given quantity of twaddling nonsense, held it to be a serious impeachment of any man's talents that he should ever consider beforehand what he is going to say;—still more so, that he should go so far in his endeavours to make his speech worth hearing as to write it out. This lesson has made Sheil more cautious and he now keeps his manuscripts in his pocket until he has spoken their contents.

Sheil, although still a young man, has fought his way with much hard battling to his present eminence. He was born to—what to a man of energy and talent is much better than a fortune—the necessity of relying upon himself for every thing. The bar in Ireland is the common and ready resource of such men. Sheil forced himself into notice by very clever writings; his "Sketches of the Irish Bar" in the *New Monthly*, are in my opinion, by far the best of his published productions, and displayed talent which well justified the encomiums he received. He then put himself forward in the association organized by O'Connell to procure Catholic emancipation, and quickly became eminent among the great men whom the exigency of that time brought forth. His name is found among the leaders of these assemblies. The brilliancy of thought which pervaded his speeches, rendered him at all times welcome to an Irish audience, and the straight forward and consistent course of his conduct recommended him to the confidence of his countrymen. He was greatly and deservedly popular; but nevertheless, they were egregiously wrong who thought they saw in him the rival to O'Connell. If a split were ever to take place, Sheil could not stand against the Liberator for an hour.

A seat in the House of Commons followed, as a matter of course, upon the passing of the Emancipation Act, and Sheil is now looked upon as decidedly the man next to O'Connell in importance among the Irish Members. I know no instance in which he has sullied the fame he has so hardly earned. Lord Althorpe's "Who's the traitor" charge was fully explained; and as to his Greenwich Hospital commissionership, and his recent appointment to the Vice Presidency of the Board of Trade, I am yet to learn that a public office, gained without any dereliction of principle, is any disgrace to any man, or that the official servants of the nation are to be *ipso facto* slaves and villains. This is a charge against a man frequent enough indeed; but it is one so low and vulgar in thought and object, and so constantly used by the meanest of men for the meanest purpose, that I, at least, shall certainly not condescend to argue against it.

AN OLD STORY TELLER,

DINING AT HIS MESS.

All night I dreamt of nothing but cool rivers, flowing through shady woods, prodigious icebergs, fresh imported from the North Pole, and I awakened, wishing that my gullet was the centre arch of Blackfriar's Bridge. Oh, the horrors of the parched lips and burning tongue, which salute a gentleman of retired habits, like myself, on the morning after partaking of a few noggins with delicate and susceptible friends—such as my companions of the Mess. Hunger is a very endurable feeling—indeed, on some occasions, I rather like it—when invited for instance, to dine with the late Sir Billy. The agony of appetite began, perhaps, about three, so that I had four mortal hours of sufferance—cheered, no doubt, by the anticipation of a feast, such as the gods, poor devils, never dreamt of. Luncheon would have been high-treason against the majesty of dinner—and so I went on—hungry and expectant—suffering and delighted. How different this calm placidity from the impatience produced by thirst! I should like to see the liquid, however celestially compounded, the prospect of which, at a distance of an hour, would tempt me to refrain from soda-water the instant I can eject the cork from the bottle.—Impossible! So just let me trouble you for another tumbler, with the smallest whisper of "the veritable" at the bottom of the glass. Old Hixie, the Quartermaster, to whom this request was addressed for the eighth time, at least, did the needful in a twinkling, and over went the ineffable fluid, making me suddenly as fresh as a four-year old, and hungry as a hunter. It is useless enumerating the various articles, the aggregate of which constituted my breakfast. A stroll to the reading room,—a cigar and some Burton ale,—a lounge on the sofa, with a slight doze over a lively scene in a novel, brought me in safety to the dinner-hour. It is

surely the force of habit which makes people appetized exactly at the nick of time. If a man, for many years has accustomed himself to dine at seven, though his luncheon were to last till half-past six, I have no manner of doubt he would be gluttonous as ever at the first view of the tablecloth. On this day, we had fewer strangers amongst us than usual.—Every thing went on like a family party. I observed only one or two new faces, and was greatly taken with the expression of the young man's countenance who sat next to me. Old Hixie was on the other side of him, and shewed, by the friendliness of his manner, how delighted he was to have secured so agreeable a listener. Of all the good natured fellows I have ever met with in the whole course of my travels, old Hixie was five hundred times the best. It was impossible to put him out of temper; if you attended to him, he was delighted—if not, he seemed just as delighted as ever. His stories—he had only two—were as well known as himself; so it may easily be imagined how pleasing a stranger must have been, who not only had never heard his anecdotes, but was evidently well-inclined to hear them. Hixie was now fat, red, and forty-seven. He could have furnished forth three of the best characters of King Henry the Sixth. Bardolph would have gloried in his nose, Sir John in the roundness of his paunch, and Pistol might have been proud of the liveliness of that peculiar faculty which they say is found most powerfully developed in travellers. At the same time, old Hixie was as brave as Hotspur.—But somehow or other, though he had only two stories, he made them go a great way by little additions or subtractions. He never told them twice with exactly the same conclusion; and our only wonder was, how a gentleman, with such a talent for improving and altering, never took a bolder step, and invented a new story altogether. He could have written myriads of novels, if any one would only have furnished him with a beginning; for when once set afloat, it was delightful to see with what incidents he embellished his narrative as he proceeded. Furnish him with tools, he could wield them like a master; but without tools he could do nothing.

"Have you been long in York?" he asked the young gentleman who sat between us.

"I only arrived late last night. I was detained on the road by a sort of adventure."

"How—how—I'm so fond of adventures.—What was it?"

"Why as I was sitting quietly smoking my cigar behind the coachman, a lady inside stopt the coach, and begged that some gentleman would exchange places for a stage or two with a young female who felt very unwell. An old fellow beside me immediately volunteered. I got down, effected the exchange in a jiffy, extinguished my cigar, and addressed myself to the invalid at my side. Her face was so muffled up that I could not catch the smallest glimpse of her features, and her figure was equally obscured by a prodigious tartan cloak. She only answered yes or no to my observations; and at last, concluding that she felt too unwell to enter into conversation, I left her to herself, and amused myself by admiring the scenery. But there is something in travelling with any one which always makes one impatient to discover who they are. Don't you think so?"

"Think so?" said Hixie, "to be sure I do. I can never rest till I find out every thing about them."

"Well I went on wondering who this female could be; and after about half an hour's silence, I addressed myself to her again,—‘Are you going far?’ I said.

"‘Yes; a very long way,’ she answered.

"I did not like to ask her her destination point-blank; besides, as I am myself engaged to be married the end of this month, my curiosity about young ladies is not so lively as it used to be.

"‘I hope you won't suffer from the journey,’ I said, ‘for travelling must be very fatiguing to invalids.’

"Every time we stopped to change horses, inquiries were made by the lady inside how she supported the fatigue; and, altogether, there was something about those two women, which in spite of my engagement, made me anxious to find them out."

"Did you find them out?" said old Hixie,—"I'm confoundedly anxious myself—though I think I know who they were."

"Indeed!" replied the young man; "you must have a great knack at guessing. Well, they left the coach at some town or other on this side of Manchester, and as I thought this would be a famous opportunity to discover them, I offered them my escort while the passengers were at dinner. The muffled lady clung very close to my arm while I superintended the unloading of their luggage, and at last, on a card which was nailed upon one of their trunks—"

"You saw the name," said Hixie, "and it was your sweetheart. My heavens! you cried—Maria, or Julia, or whatever her name is, who the devil expected to find you here! Ah! dearest love, she replied, how could I stay away from you! I knew you were coming to York, and I thought Greta-Green just a step beyond, so I persuaded this old lady to travel along with me till I overtook you, and now to find you here, oh heavens!"

It is uncertain how long old Hixie would have gone on giving his version of the story, but the young man looked quite steadily all the time, and interrupted him—

"No, sir. I found it was a Mrs. and Miss Smith on their way to Scarborough. The young lady was about forty years of age, and afflicted with erysipelas in the cheek. I know nothing more about them except that my politeness cost me my place, for the coach had started before I returned from seeing them to their lodgings."

"And is that all! Is that the adventure! My eyes! what a much better one I could have made of it!"

"But it is truth."

"Pooh, pooh! what the devil does that signify! No man is on his oath after dinner, and if a little colouring is required, who the deuce is to stand on such a trifle as that?"

But a good listener was by no means to be thrown away, though he proved to be an indifferent story-teller; so old Hixie, after flooring about a bottle in an incredibly short space of time, commenced his attack upon the

stranger. It was very evident the young man entered fully into the narrator's peculiarity, and enjoyed the fun very much. But I am afraid it is impossible to convey any idea of Hixie's manner upon paper. In the first, one misses the lustrous rubicundity of his countenance, and the contrast, ineffably ludicrous, furnished by the lugubriousness of his stories, for both of them were intended to be pathetic, and the inextinguishable hilarity of his face. If you can imagine either Keeley performing Lear, or Jack Reeve murdering Desdemona (and Othello), you will have some little idea of old Hixie enacting the romantic, and occasionally over-coming by his feelings.

"Take a good pull at the bottle," he began, "for my story is so confoundedly dismal, it always makes me as thirsty as a sand-bank. Grief, they say, is dry. I'm sure I find it so. It is now nine-and-twenty years since I entered his Majesty's service, though nobody, to look at me, could suppose I was much older than that altogether. Well, I was fond of the army, and whenever a man is fond of anything, he is sure to excel in it."

"I soon made myself as much master of my profession as I am at this moment. I taught myself that a soldier's duty is paramount to every other consideration; that home, country, friends, ay, love itself, must give way to the stern claims of duty. Duty is to a sold!"

"Hixie, my dear fellow, leave out the rest of your homily on duty, for we know it pretty well by heart," said a young lieutenant, who was now attending to the quarter-master's harangue.

"Hush, Saville," said Hixie; "I'm only giving a little private anecdote to my young friend here, and I bar all interruptions."

Saville let him have his own way, but the word was passed round that Hixie had got hold of a listener, and every eye was turned to the animated countenance of that most eloquent and highly flattered gentleman.

"A young man," he continued, "about the same age as myself, entered the army the very day I did, and was appointed my regimental servant. His name was John Taylor—upon my soul, the handsomest fellow I ever saw in my life. He was rather taller than I was, being six feet high without his shoes, dark brown curling hair, and deep expressive eyes—in fact he was the best looking youngster in our regiment, and we were certainly a splendid body of men. John Taylor, as I have said, was rather taller than I was, but not quite so stout, but"—

"In fact," interrupted Saville, "he was twice your height, and half your thickness, so that you might have been rolled out into just such another."

"Exactly," replied Hixie, "but you promised to be quiet. Well, this young man struck me, from the very first, to be something different from what his situation might have led one to suppose. His manners, too, were of a most superior order; and altogether there was something about him which made me feel it very difficult to order him—to clean my boots. To all my questions of where he came from, and what had induced him to enter the army, he gave evasive replies, and seemed little inclined to enter into any conversation on such subjects. At last, however, he appeared a little more communicative—he told me he came from a village in Kent, with which I happened to be acquainted; that love, which is the cause of all our joys, all our sorrows," (here Hixie heaved a deep sigh,) "was the cause of all his misfortunes. He told me no particulars, but I confess I was interested by the little he had confided to me. And though our ranks were so different, and our relative positions in the service kept us so far apart, by heavens! I exclaimed to myself one morning as he brought me a pot of beer, and poured it out for me with the air of an emperor, by heavens! I should like very much to help this unfortunate lover, or at least to know every thing about him. Gentlemen, you may perhaps think it was below the dignity of a superior officer, when I confess to you that I pumped him—but consider I was then only an ensign of foot, and confoundedly anxious to discover the mystery of his love."

"Taylor," said I, "I am acquainted with the little village of Hawley from which you come."

"He started as I spoke."

"Are you, sir?" said he; "it is a most romantic spot."

"Do you mean romantic from the beauty of its situation, or from any adventures you have met with there?"

"He stammered a little as he answered me—‘Beauty, sir! situation, sir! Oh, yes—very romantic.’"

"He sighed as he concluded, and hurried off with my linen to the washerwoman. By Jupiter, thought I, this is very extraordinary; a common soldier talking of romance and beauty—there is more in this than is dreamed of in the philosophy of the ranks. I'll inquire into it. My curiosity, however, remained for a long time ungratified. We were now in all the hurry of preparation for foreign service, for we had received orders to hold ourselves in readiness for embarkation. I made sure, in the course of the voyage, of picking up the particulars of his history; but what was my surprise and disappointment to find, that about three weeks previous to the time fixed for the sailing of the expedition, John Taylor had disappeared! A deserter,—could he be a thief? I counted my shirts and stockings that instant, and found every thing correct.—I found also a letter addressed to me, stating, that my kindness during the time he had been in the service prompted him to inform me of his resolution to leave the army—and also to give me to understand that the circumstances which had led him to enter the service no longer existed, and that he had every chance of being happy in his love!—This letter only added fuel to fire, and how the deuce was I to act? Here was a deserter had made me the confidant of his desertion. Heavens! imagine me shot for aiding and abetting a crime against which my sense of duty made my inmost soul revolt! But how to proceed was the difficulty. If I shewed the letter at all, or acted upon it, would it not appear immediately that I knew all about his design, about the causes of his enlistment, and about the issue of his love? Heavens! I never was in such a quandary—and not to be acquainted with the secret after all! He was advertised and described in handbills, rewards offered for his apprehension, men sent out in search of him in all directions, but no tidings did we hear of John Taylor. Our

Colonel, who was a prodigious martinet, and very proud of the appearance of his men, was very much distressed by the loss of the flower of the regiment; and he vowed that if he were discovered at any time, no matter how distant, he should be shot as a warning to others. Well, our preparations for embarkation still continued; I got another servant, but he was such a cursed little ugly fellow, that I never troubled myself to imagine whether he had ever been in love or not. In about a fortnight after the desertion, we were marched to the coast, and after a week's practising and delay till the expedition was concentrated, we at last set sail, and with a fair wind and fine weather, landed on the loveliest shores in the world—the coast of Portugal. Well, we dodged about from one place to another—Sir Hew gave us very little rest—and at last our regiment found itself stationed at a small village a few miles from the memorable town of Cintra.

"My eyes! what a beautiful country! hills and valleys, all steeped in continual sunshine—and excellent port-wine about nine-pence a-bottle! We received our billets, and I went with mine to the house of a Signor Joachim Fernando Pereira, and a beautiful snug house it was. The Signor himself, they told me, was from home, but I was received by the loveliest woman I ever beheld—dressed like an angel, and with such enchanting smiles,—I never felt so inclined to be ravenously in love. But no! there was something about the Lady Seraphina that made me thrill with awe as well as kindle with admiration. Oh, what a delicious thing it is to sit beside a surpassingly beautiful woman, and gaze on her charming features, even though you don't exactly comprehend her language—and I must say the Lady Seraphina was the best mixer of brandy and water, and also the best judge of a true Havannah, I have ever met with. I had staid in the house rather more than a week without ever seeing Signor Joachim, when at last I was told that he was expected that evening, and if I could get quit of my brother officers, he would be delighted to see me in his private room. This was told to me by the Lady Seraphina in her broken language, but, by Jupiter, a lovely woman has very little use for a tongue! The eyes do every thing, and have far more effect than a sermon. About seven that evening, I was ushered by the lady herself through several rooms, and at last conducted to a chamber at a remote end of the house. The door was opened, and I saw only one gentleman sitting at a table which was covered with every delicacy you can imagine, and a huge case of spirits stuffed to the very brim. I made my bow, and when I had recovered my upright position, I gazed with speechless astonishment on the countenance of my entertainer. There never were two peas in a pod more like than Signor Joachim Fernando Pereira, and my late servant, John Taylor the deserter. He spoke,—none of your cursed soft sounding Portuguese, but the purest English, and with the finest pronunciation, just as I do myself. The moment I heard his voice, oh the dickens, said I, here's a pretty mess! This fellow is resolved to be the death of me, first by raising my curiosity, and next by martial law, for concealing a deserter.

"Taylor," I said, "here's a devil of a go."

"Sit down, my dear Mr. Hixie," he replied—"Seraphina, my love, hand a chair to Captain Hixie, and thank him for his kindness to your husband."

"I only looked for a moment in her face—my eyes, such a face and such a smile!—I took the chair, and endeavoured to steel my heart to the due performance of my duty.

"Seraphina, my angel, make the Captain a glass of brandy and water, and hand him a cigar."

"I sat all this time quite mute. What, drink and smoke with a deserter! Impossible—I declare I was so petrified, that I found it impracticable to refuse in words—but I shook my head in token of refusal. In the meantime, the lady made me the tippie, and presented me with a cigar—such a hand!—so white, so beautiful, such taper fingers, and so covered with rings—and besides, she had never been a deserter. I sighed from the bottom of my heart, and lighted the Havannah. Pereira then began.

"You must hear my story, Mr. Hixie, before you judge too harshly of my conduct."

"Say on, sir," said I, working myself into a fearful regard for duty.

"I told you, you recollect, at Winchester, that the circumstances which had led me into the army were at an end, and that I had every prospect of happiness in my wooing. My father was a wine-merchant in very extensive business, and sent me to his correspondent here to superintend his interests on this side of the water. I did so for several years, and when I tell you that Seraphina was the daughter and only child of the merchant at whose house I lived, I need not inform you, that my time passed, as the poet says, on angel wings. Her father, the Signor Pereira, was rich and proud. I, however, was a great favourite with him, and as my father had been of considerable service to him in the way of trade, I perceived, that could I gain the daughter's affections, I had nothing to fear on the score of his withholding his consent. In this I was not disappointed. Seraphina confessed that she had loved me long—Seraphina, my love, make the Captain another glass—and on applying to the father for his approbation, he told us, he could refuse nothing to the son of his English friend. Buoyed up with flattering hopes, I went over to England on the earliest opportunity, presented myself to my father, but found him not only opposed to the match, but raving against it with such a ferocity of resentment, that I saw at once it would be impossible to overcome his scruples. I lost no time, however; the effort pained me in writing this dreadful news to Pereira—but praying him at the same time to allow us to continue our engagement, in hopes of overcoming the objections of my father. The answer was a death-blow to my hopes—that Seraphina should never be allowed to enter any family which was not proud of such an acquisition—Seraphina, my angel, give the Captain a fresh cigar; and in short, vowing, in terms scarcely less energetic than those of my own father, that nothing should ever reconcile him to the connexion. I had a friend at Hawley, in Kent, who was the only one to whom I confided the difficulties of my position. He told me, that he knew one plan by which

I might make a last effort to work on the tenderness of my father. He advised me to prove to him the sincerity and constancy of the passion which consumed me, by entering the army as a private, and writing to apprise him of my situation. My friend assured me, from his knowledge of my father, that such a step was almost certain to lead him to relent, and that having once convinced him of my firmness, everything else would follow as we could wish. Persuaded by my friend, I consented to give his advice a trial. I enlisted in the army—Seraphina, my life, another tumbler for the Captain—I found my situation intolerable, cheered only by the condescending kindness of a very distinguished officer in the regiment—make it strong, my angel—to whom, I am sure, my gratitude will never suffer to decrease."

"He bowed as he spoke, but I smoked on, determined to take no notice, but to do my duty, and deliver him up to justice.

"I wrote to acquaint my father with what I had done, and again to implore him to give his consent, and make two lovers happy. Back came an answer, still more furious than his former declaration, informing me, that he had promised that I should marry the daughter of his English partner,—that finding me incorrigibly obstinate and degraded, by reducing myself to the rank of a common soldier, he had cut me out of his will, washed his hands of me for ever, and hoped I might be flogged as early and as severely as the service would permit."

"Very sensible man," I said, "he knows something about military law."

"This, you will allow, Captain," he continued, not minding my observation, "was a hard letter to receive from a father. I wrote to my friend at Hawley, imploring him to write to Signor Pereira, informing him, that though my father was obstinate, it was through no disrespect to him or his family, but solely from a previous engagement into which he had entered without consulting my inclinations; but that I continued fondly devoted to Seraphina, and though no longer rich, or fit in any way to be a match for so much loveliness and virtue, that I hoped to be permitted to devote my life and knowledge of business to his service. A month brought me an answer—such an answer! Mr. Hixie, you are a man of sentiment, a man of feeling; you will judge of the contending emotions in my bosom, when my friend forwarded to me a letter from Seraphina herself. It told me that her health had failed ever since I had left them—that her father did nothing but weep—that the house, which had once been alive to nothing but mirth and music, was nothing now but the dark abode of a despairing maid and a miserable old man."

"A tear was in his eye as he spoke, and curse me if I could prevent a little quivering of the upper lip. I pretended to have burnt it with the cigar, and that loveliest of women had another in my cheek in a moment. After a short pause, during which Seraphina compounded a tumbler for each of us, he proceeded—

"The letter then went on to say that her father's pride had yielded at last, and that as his physicians informed him he had but a short time to live, he was anxious to see me as early as possible, and to give me his daughter and his blessing before he died. I had no time to wait and negotiate about the purchase of my release; in fact, I had no money, and no friend in England to whom I could apply. I resolved to send the requisite funds as soon as I should reach Pereira, and stealing quietly out of the camp, I made my way directly to the sea, and in a fortnight was in this place, and the happiest of men. Here I have been for a year, never yet having had a proper channel for transmitting the money for my discharge, but now happy to have in my house a gentleman whose previous kindness, under very different circumstances, leads me to hope he will not refuse his assistance upon this occasion. My father-in-law died shortly after my marriage, and as my father continued obstinately to cast me off, he begged me, on taking possession of his fortune, also to adopt his name. This I have done, and now I wait your determination whether you will aid me in obtaining a discharge, on payment of whatever sum may be demanded."

"I paused before I made any reply; and Seraphina laid her hand imploringly on my arm. 'Amigo nuestro,' she said, and looked so beseechingly in my face,—d—me I could not stand it, and finished my tumbler at a draught.

"It is now too late," I said. "If the colonel sees you—he is a confounded hard-hearted, unromantic Scotchman—I'm hanged if he doesn't have you shot at the drum-head as soon as winking."

"Oh Dios!" sighed Seraphina, and leant her head on my shoulder—such a beautiful white neck, and ear-rings as large as an epaulet! What the devil was I to do? If old Crawford got hold of him, he was gone to a certainty. Duty commanded me to have him up without loss of time—Pity told me to sit still, and say nothing about it. Seraphina kept constantly whispering in my ear, in her own delicious language, though what it was she said I have no means of finding out, and what was to be done I did not know. But what! am I to allow compassion to drown the call of duty? No!"

Here little Hixie became so animated, partly by the interest of his story, partly by the extent of his potations, that his fat red face became far redder and fatter, and he absolutely panted for breath like a grampus.

"Here, my lads," he continued, "was a beautiful woman, fleecing and beseeching,—there, an unfortunate man, with the finest case of spirits I had ever met,—but what were these to one who was devotedly attached to duty? What was I to do?"

"Why," said Saville, "last time you told the story, you had him shot for desertion, after a drum-head court-martial,—the time before, you let him off for a flogging,—for God's sake, spare him altogether to-night."

"What! spare a deserter altogether? I'll see him d—d first—it would have a very bad effect. No; I yielded so far to their entreaties, that, in fact, I—I—I undertook, you'll perceive, to manage the matter for them, on condition of their forfeiting one pipe of port and one hoghead of Madeira to the use of his Majesty's service. It was given in all due form to our mess, and when I gave them a discharge in proper style for the private John Taylor, you never saw two people so overjoyed in your life. Those Portuguese, you'll understand, kiss upon the most trifling oc-

casions; but, my heavens! I don't believe any lady ever had such magnificent lips as the Lady Seraphina."

The little man threw himself back in his chair, and seemed to glow with the recollection of these imaginary kisses. For imaginary indeed they were. The gentleman, who had listened throughout the story very attentively, was just about to make a reply, when he was addressed from the bottom of the table by a gentleman in plain clothes, who spoke with a very Scottish accent.

"Sir, I've been listenin' a' night to the story o' the Quarter-Master. I was in the regiment wi' him at the time, and can bear witness to his anecdote, for I mind it very weel. There certainly was a lad o' the name o' John Taylor listed wi' us at Winchester; he was a lang thin good-for-nothing-like fellow, wi' sic a grewsome cast in his een, that we all wondered at Hixie's takin' him for his servant. Weel, in a wee while after he was detected drunk twa or three times, and auld Crawford threatened him sae strongly, that the ne'er-do-weel deserted and carried aff wi' him a' the handkerchiefs and half the snuff-boxes in the regiment. He dinna trouble Hixie's wardrobe, for he carried most of it on his back,—but I mind very weel we caught the scoundrel when we were in Portugal, playing aff his tricks under a foreign name, and passin' aff a disreputable Portuguese jaud for his wife; but, my certie, auld Crawford cared naething for his foreign name nor his huzzie, but just had him identified; and I mind perfectly, he consulted some o' us whether he should shoot him as a deserter, or only flog him as a thief. He was flogged in due course, an' a terrible skirlin' the crature made. So you see this is either the same story, or one very much like it."

Old Hixie opened his eyes when he heard this new version; and after trying for some time to look offended, found the attempt vain, and burst into a laugh. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "all I have to say is, which of these stories do you like best?"

OLD THINGS WITH NEW FACES.

BY CHARLES F. HOFFMAN.

There are so many points of view in which the fruitful subject of copy-right may be examined and illustrated, that we are not surprised to find ingenious writers leaving the beaten track of plain matter-of-fact statements and exhibiting the injustice and inequality of our copy-right law under the garb of fiction. The associate editor of the *New-Yorker* has made this subject the theme of an Oriental sketch, in which he has most happily introduced the leading arguments in favour of the proposed alteration, and shown the absurdity of the reasoning of those who oppose the measure. We transfer the tale to our columns, gratefully acknowledging the source from whence we have derived such timely succor in a cause of increasing interest and importance.

The great Haroun Alraschid, than whom no worthier follower of the Prophet ever sat on the throne of the Caliphs. (peace to his memory) was, as all the world knows, a very Miracle of Justice. With a power over the lives and fortunes of his subjects such as mortal man hath scarcely ever swayed before, his mind was never dazzled by the eminence to which he had attained; and even the Prophet, who guided him to such a height of human glory, could hardly have exercised such absolute rule with a more steady and equal hand.

But of the thousand instances which the Arabian annalists give of the discriminating justice of this great Caliph, there is no decision of his Divan which hath struck us more than that remarkable but almost forgotten case between Omri, the poor descendant of the poet of that name, and Mustapha, the rich vender of manuscripts at Bagdad.

It chanced one day that as Haroun was about breaking up his audience of Justice, the quick eye of the Vizier, the renowned Giafer al Barmeki, discovered among the retiring crowd a pale and poorly clad young man, who was slowly leading away a blind and aged woman from the royal presence. The youth, as he withdrew, cast ever and anon a sad and appealing look at the judgment-seat of the Caliph, while at the same time attending and supporting his aged burthen with the most assiduous care.—As filial tenderness and veneration for the aged are among the highest virtues of the Koran, so winning an instance of both could not but excite the interest of the good Giafer; and he straightway pointed out this retiring pair to the Commander of the Faithful. The Caliph spoke, and an officer instantly led them back to the foot of the Divan.

"Thy name, young man," said the benignant monarch, looking kindly on the trembling youth, who, prostrating himself till he kissed the sacred carpet, thus replied:

"Oh, great King, live for ever. Thou seest before thee the meanest of thy slaves; Allah be praised! It is Omri, the son of Zadok, the son of Omri the poet, who now breathes the same air with the viceregent of the Prophet upon Earth."

"And this aged woman?"

"She, oh light of the Earth—she who should be willing to die now that she has once heard the voice of the King, though his face she cannot see—she is the mother of Zadok, the Grandmother of Omri, who now stands before thee."

"The wife and grandson of Omri the poet reduced to such wretchedness! Giafer!"—the Caliph looked more sternly than was his wont at that favourite minister—"how can such things be in my dominions?"

The Vizier prostrated himself before the throne, and would have replied, but the Caliph, motioning him to rise before Giafer begun to speak, told the young man to go on and tell his story.

Premising his speech, then, with all those worshipful and dulcet terms which were alike becoming in a good Mussulman and the descendant of Omri, 'the rose-breathed,' as he was called from the sweetness of his strains, the namesake of the poet thus pursued his tale:

"Those poems, oh King, which, as none better than thou knowest, have filled all the world with fragrant and delight, were the only

dower and heritage which the blessed Omri left to Selika, his wife, and her son Zadok; and yet not poor was their estate, as all men know who have smelt the incense that once burned nightly in the palace of Zadok here in Bagdad. People from all parts of the Earth thronged to this great city to buy the poems of Omri from Zadok, his son, until the banks of the Tigris were black with the concourse of strangers. Zadok and his mother, in the mean time kept scribes—a multitude as great in number as the sands of Arabia—to make copies of these poems, which all good Mussulmen bought from him only, because the Cadi would not certify that any others were genuine save those written out under the immediate eye of the son of Omri. Now it chanced that Zadok, who saw no end to such a source of exceeding riches, and who always spent all his income—one half in contributing to the splendid hospitality of this great Capital, and one half in doing good to the poor—it chanced, I say, that Zadok died one day, and left me, his son, and this aged woman, his mother, this same estate of Omri's poems.

"But—Allah forgive me—what ashes had we eaten that so much gold should turn to dust in our hands?"

"It so happened, oh sire, in Bagdad there was a man, one Faustiz by name, a cunning worker in metals, who contrived a machine for copying manuscripts so correctly that not one word should be amiss, and at the same time so rapidly that he could make ten thousand copies while a common scribe was completing one; and straightway this Faustiz commenced the making of books and selling them to the faithful. At first he used his machine only to make copies of such poems, tales, and histories as were composed by himself or his friends, who wrote them for his special use. But soon, oh! just king, he began to lay hands upon the property of others. Men found that all the copies of each book he sold were so much alike and so true to each other that they needed no longer the word of the writer or his representative, or the certificate of the cadi to prove each manuscript to be a genuine copy of the original; and Faustiz knowing this, began to deal with the works of Omri, as if they were not the property of others. He could make the copies faster and more cheaply than we did, and he showered them over the land so profusely that there was no call for ours. The estate which Omri had in those poems, built up with so many years of preparatory study—so many of subsequent toil—the property so slowly amassed—with such honest and harmless industry—with such silent yet indefatigable pains—the property which he had bequeathed to his descendants to support his honoured name in respectability—this all melted from our possession and passed into the hands of others without any fault of our own. We become stricken in poverty and a reproach among men.

"Whose dog is that?" said the faithful as I passed them by.

"Behold the beggared wife of poor Omri the poet," said they pointing to my grandmother.

"Words are not things, how could they expect to hold an exclusive property in mere words which belong alike to all men?"

"Faustiz is a great benefactor to the faithful, he scattereth the good things abroad which these foolish people would monopolize for their own exclusive use." And with a thousand such like taunts, oh! great king, did men assail us as we begged for alms along the streets."

The descendant of the great poet paused, as if much affected. The Caliph stroked his beard and looked at Giafer, and Giafer shook his head with that solemn air which [even before the time of Lord Burleigh] meant so much among counsellors of state. The poor petitioner gathered fresh confidence from these important signs and resumed with spirit—

"The grandson of Omri would know of the commander of the faithful if Faustiz the worker in metals, and other men who now use his cunning machine, should have the right of using it to make copies of books which cannot belong to them, seeing that they neither wrote these books themselves nor did they pay others to write them, nor were these books given or bequeathed to them in any way whatsoever. Their copying machine is doubtless of great use and benefit to the world in general, and its invention must contribute to the glories of the great king's reign. But even if uncommon privileges should be accorded to Faustiz the inventor, even if his high merit cannot be fully rewarded without trespassing in some way upon the conflicting rights of others, is there any reason why every common man who uses this machine, should enjoy equal privileges? The writer who published his books by the old mode of copying could always preserve some control over his property—is this new machine, whose beneficial use to the world depends wholly upon the writers who supply it with original works, is it to take the life blood from those to whom it owes its vitality? If its very origin is thus coupled with injustice, what must its influence be in those ages when the great Haroun no longer lives to hold the people of the earth in his guiding hand.

"The scholar whose early years are now spent in toilsome study, retreating often like some holy Dervish to his cell, the man of genius who already skilled in letters passes his best hours in converse with our most learned Mufti; the poet who traverses strange and wonderful lands and closely studies man in all—those who now make truth and nature their guide in preparing works which must benefit humanity and last through all time—those, who now, when once enrolled among our Arabian sages, have wealth and honors, showered upon them, which lift their souls above the mean and petty struggles of the crowd—those, if they would still pursue their profession and live by it, must be vastly changed in character.

"Many of them will be degraded to a class of intellectual mountebanks, who live upon the breath of public favor, and he who practices the maddest antics, will soonest get his remuneration from the mob. The reward of their labours has hitherto been slow in coming, but it was permanent in proportion to the excellence of their works; henceforth the season for reaping that reward will be so brief, that they must minister instantly to some gust of popular passion, some passing taste or prejudice, in order to take advantage of it. Those who thus draw a temporary subsistence from the public, will of course be forgotten, though an association of meanness in connection with their pursuits, will still remain in the memory of men; while those who will not thus grovel to get their bread, will be for the

most part so poor, that the very name of 'Poet' will pass into a byword, as belonging to a helpless, shiftless, poverty-stricken being. But why dost speak thus to the Commander of the Faithful, who knows all things that are just and wise in the sight of Allah," said Omri, as he concluded his long-winded address with a deep salaam before retiring back a step or two from the Divan.

"Let Faustiz, the cunning maker of this copying machine, be brought at once before me," thundered the Caliph.

"Odor of the universe—trampler on the necks of a thousand monarchs, to whom justice is as a handmaiden, and mercy ever a shadow, your highness is not pleased to remember, that by your own order I presented this same Faustiz, with a thousand sequins, with which, he soon afterward left your dominions to pursue his craft among some remote nations of infidels."

"Bring before me then, any of my subjects who has dared to use this machine to filch from them the property of others," and straightway Mustapha, a rich dealer in books who had made half his fortune out of the inheritance of poor Omri, was led up before the king.

"Mustapha, the son of Serab, what dirt hast thou eaten that the property and rights of Omri, should thus be appropriated by thee, without his consent?"

"Shadow of the prophet on earth," cried Mustapha, in unfeigned astonishment, "thy slave hath never meddled with the property of the meanest of thy subjects."

"The works of Omri the poet—hast thou not been one of those who have robbed this young man, his grand-son, and heir of the property which he inherited in them?"

"Property! oh great king, and where in the wise laws of thy empire—(Heaven only bounds its extent)—where is it written, that man may have property in so unsubstantial a thing as a writing, which to preserve, he must either lock up or carry about with him."

"Thou fool, if the nature of property depended upon the views of minds as narrow as thine, the Bedouin of the desert might define that wherein a man's possessions consist, as well as thou. Thou believest in houses and land and things of such stability, as property. The Bedouin believes that no man can have an ownership save in the horses and camels, the tents, arms and equipments he can carry about with him. Which, in natural law hath the greater show of reason! That a man may call a part of the earth his—the earth which came from Allah and was given alike for the use of all, or that he may claim an exclusive property in the contrivances of his own mind—those workings of his intellect which are as much a part of himself, and belong to him as naturally as does the web, which the spider weaves from his own bowels, belong to the pains-taking insect which wove it. All men, at first inherited the earth as common property, but genius is a gift of God to individual men, and God will judge those who steal its fruits."

"Inshallah! the interpreter of the will of the Prophet, can scarce open his lips save to drop wisdom; but oh! Caliph! the Arab of the desert, still dealth with things substantial, whose possession he might defend with the strength of his arm, even as thy slave might be compelled to defend his house and merchandize against these same wild Bedouins, if he were not so fortunate as to live under the shadowing wings of thy power. Allah grant that it may never diminish."

"Thou defend!" echoed Haroun, with a smile of mingled merriment and contempt, as he glanced his eye over the feeble frame of Mustapha; "Thou defend! why thou paltry slave, knowest thou not that it is the law—the power of the law alone—which keeps the body and soul, of such things as thou art, together. It is the law alone which guards thee, and thousands like thee, in their honest possessions; and as for thy dishonest ones, if I mistake not, it is only the law which could keep this sturdy youngling from wresting them from thee, or visiting upon thy wretched carcase the injury he has received at thy hands. Answer me thou, Giafer, is it just that the mantle of the law, which so comfortably covers this merchant of books, should afford no corner for this orphan youth to creep under. Should not those who minister to the mental wants of my people be as much fostered and protected as those who supply their physical necessities? Shall we give them the lot of the Ishmaelite, and thus teach them to prey upon the society which will not protect them."

"But this youth, oh King," doubtfully interposed the trembling Mustapha, "he did not thus minister to the wants of thy people, he had no share in producing the poems of the great Omri, which he claims as his exclusive property!"

"Hearken, son of Serab," said the Caliph, "how gottest thou the means by which thou wast enabled to purchase one of these machines from Faustiz and furnish thy ware houses which men say are richly filled with merchandise?"

"The grandsire of your slave, oh King," answered Mustapha, brightening up with an air of confidence at this question, "My grandsire was butler in the household of the vizier of one of your royal predecessors. His faithful services after many years were rewarded with a sum of money and a house and garden in the neighbourhood of the city in which he spent his declining years, enjoying all the luxuries that are permitted to a good Musselman. This wealth my father inherited, and in turn the greater portion of it descended to me; and this honestly acquired heritage I have employed in trade."

"Your grandsire was doubtless a good man and deserves his reward, Mustapha. The law is a just one which transmitted his property safely to you. But, Mashallah! Giafer, call we this justice? Look ye once at those two men—that tawdry tradesman and that half-naked youth. His grandsire was a Butler—a faithful, as it seems, and therefore justly rewarded one. But a man whose services to his employer—to his fellow men, ceased and terminated for ever with his own existence. Of the other, the grandsire was a Poet—a man whose services to society in the time when he flourished were at least equal to those of the butler—but, unlike him, a man whose services to mankind did not cease and terminate with his mortal existence; for while the fire of his thoughts can animate, the music of his verses soothe—while he supplies aliment to the soul,

and actually mingles his intellectual being with the mental texture of his reader, mankind are still the poet's debtors. Now, if a difference is to be made in the civil rights of these two men, which of them is it that should have the privilege of bequeathing the fruit of his labours to his children?"

"I give it against the Butler," said Giafer, and the Caliph embraced him for the righteousness of his decision.

The story goes to say that Mustapha, who was slow in comprehending the full force of the Caliph's illustration trembled in his shoes, lest every son-of-a-butler was about to be outlawed and his own heritage exposed to be dealt with as freely as he had invaded that of Omri. But the magnanimous Haroun while restoring a then esteemed class to their (anciently) legal rights, had no idea of accompanying this act by one of cruelty and opposition to others. His object was only to give his subjects, of all classes and pursuits, equal protection from the laws of the land.

The legend concludes by mentioning—and this is a fact which it may really interest the reader to know—that the young Omri restored to the possession (or what in modern times might be translated *the copy right*) of his father's poems, lived long in great affluence at Bagdad; and shining forth under happier auspices, with some of his ancestral fire, wrote some of the best of those charming stories which under the name of the Arabian Nights Entertainments have made all the world familiar with the name and fame of the great Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

THE ALARM.

OR THE DANGER OF LISTENING TO GOSSIP AT BED TIME.

About twenty years ago, while travelling through Italy, after a hard day's ride from Rome, my servant and I drew up before a small inn, belonging to a village the name of which I have since forgotten.

After being refreshed and seated at my ease, for want of a better company, I entered into conversation with my rosy-faced landlord, a very intelligent and agreeable fellow, who seemed quite in his element, while relating a number of anecdotes concerning the inhabitants of the village and vicinity, and answering to the questions which I put to him relative to the scenery and buildings I had that day passed, and those delightful spots by which we were now surrounded.

Not far from the village, on a rising piece of ground, stood a castle, seemingly of ancient date, environed with trees and beautiful plantations. My landlord was not long in making me rather interested about the owner of this castle and its inmates. It seems their history was involved in mystery, and though they always behaved themselves with becoming propriety, yet, owing to some secret prejudice entertained towards them, they were the talk and dread of the neighbourhood.

"The former lord of the mansion," said mine host, "was a prodigate spendthrift; he passed his days in debauchery and gambling, and ended them in a fit of despair with his own hand. His estates were sold off to satisfy the demands of his numerous creditors, and yonder castle and domain were bought by a foreigner who has resided in it ever since. It is now a twelvemonth," continued he, "since it received its present inmates, and to this day not one in the village can ascertain who they are, from whence they came, or, in fact, any thing concerning them. The servants (who are chiefly of the male sex,) are all foreigners, but the most inquisitive among our gossips have always failed in their attempts to find out to what country they belong. When they have any business to transact in the village (which is but seldom) their words are few, and their deportment reserved; so that all advances towards intimacy have hitherto been unsuccessful; and the curious are obliged to content themselves with building conjectures, and magnifying incidents."

To my farther inquiries, he told me, he had frequently seen the present lord of the manor, whom he described as a gruff-looking personage, with large black whiskers and mustachios, always on horseback, accompanied by two attendants, as fierce-looking as himself. "I happened one day," said Boniface, "to be straying through the plantations adjoining the castle (a trespass which in former days was hardly noticed, but is now considered a crime), when suddenly I heard horses advancing on the trot; to avoid being seen, I screened myself behind some trees a few paces from the walk, until they passed. There was, besides the old signor and his attendants, a lady, who seemed to me—from the hasty glance I had of her person—a miracle of beauty. I gazed after them, until on a sudden turn of the walk, they disappeared. I could not help thinking the lady looked exceedingly dejected, and seemed but ill to repay the attentions bestowed on her by the signor, who was in high spirits."

After my landlord had entertained me with this sort of gossip for more than an hour, and drank the best part of two bottles of wine, he retired and sent my servant, to whom I gave orders to wake me at an early hour, that we might be off betimes on our journey.

As I felt uncommonly fatigued with my day's riding, I prepared for rest; but, strange as it may appear, while I was reclining in an easy chair, with my toes before the fire, a sudden and strong desire took possession of me, to see the interior of this same castle that I had heard so much about, and, if possible, the lady, concerning whom I felt much interested.

The more I indulged this desire, the more irresistible it grew, until at length I resolved, in spite of prudence or fatigue, to leave the inn and satisfy my curiosity, let the result be what it might.

This I easily managed without disturbing any one, and in a short time stood before the castle. Darkness having now enveloped the building, I could only discern that it was majestic and strong. Although I perceived that some of the rooms were lighted, and that at times the shadows of figures flitted across the casements, yet no sound reached my ears, all around was still and silent as the grave.

After walking about the avenues some time, with the expectation of finding an entrance through which I might gain the interior unobserved, I was going to give up my search as fruitless, when coming to a tree which grew close by the garden wall, I climbed it, and dropped from one of its branches upon a bed of flowers, the fragrance of which was reviving.

Moving like a thief, and keeping in the shade of the wall, I soon reached the castle. Here, however, I was as unlikely to gain my end as ever. There were two doors, both of which were strongly fastened, and all the windows—especially those within my reach—were grated with iron bars. Determined to persevere, I came to a corner where a number of prickly bushes were growing, above these a casement stood open and inviting. Making a spring to reach it, I failed—having been deceived in the distance—and fell rolling among the bushes. In my descent my arm struck against something that projected a little at the bottom of the wall, and presently a harsh grating noise sounded on my ear. Looking up I found I had struck some secret spring, and that a door stood open before me. Mustering all the courage I was master of, I entered and groped my way in darkness, till I stumbled against the bottom of a staircase, which, without losing time, I cautiously ascended. Its many windings at length brought me to a trap-door, secured with iron bolts. A little labour enabled me to remove these obstacles, and in a moment I found myself standing in the centre of a small apartment. The moon as it now and then emerged from the scowling clouds that obscured its brilliancy, poured its silvery light through the casement, and enabled me to discover a door which luckily I found unlocked. The door opened to a gallery, dimly lighted by a large lamp which hung from the ceiling some distance from where I stood.

Listening for a moment on the threshold, I could plainly distinguish the sound of revelry, which seemed to proceed from a distant part of the castle. Resolved to see the end of this adventure, I shut my ears against the voice of prudence, and leaving the door open, proceeded cautiously, treading on my tiptoes, along the gallery, until I came to a staircase which led to a corridor below.

Summoning fresh courage, I descended, and not seeing any one, I proceeded boldly forward till I came to the door from whence the noise issued. It being partly open, I looked in, and saw before me a magnificent saloon, splendidly decorated with costly furniture and paintings. In the centre of the saloon stood a table, covered with wine, sweetmeats, fruit, &c. The company which surrounded the table were, however, by no means prepossessing in their appearance. On the contrary, owing to their villainous and murderous looking countenances, there were some who were quite appalling to look upon.

A wild mirth reigned amongst them, and each ruffian seemed bent on making more noise than his neighbour. While I was gazing unseen upon these wretches, like the famous Tam-o'-Shanter on the witches of Kirt Alloway, I heard the sound of footsteps advancing. Aware of the danger of detection, and an escape from my present situation appearing impracticable, my apprehensions rose to such a pitch, that for a moment my faculties seemed suspended, and I stood almost petrified. Instinct, however, prevailed; I looked eagerly around for a place of concealment, and in another moment knelt behind the pedestal of a statue, which fortunately was large enough to screen me from observation. The footsteps approached, and stopped exactly opposite to where I was kneeling. I heard the voices of two men earnestly engaged in conversation; they spoke in so low a tone that I could only distinguish the words "to-morrow night," which were spoken with a determined emphasis. Shortly after, to my great relief, they entered the saloon, and joined the revellers. Looking from my hiding-place, and seeing no one near, I rose, and hastened along the corridor, until I came to a passage, which being dark, I entered. After groping and advancing, till the sound of merriment was lost in the distance, I perceived a light streaming through the aperture of a door which stood a little ajar. Listening for a moment, and not hearing any sound, I took the liberty of opening it a little more and looking in. But good heavens! what a contrast was here to the scene I had just been witnessing. Before me sat one of the most angelic creatures imagination could conceive, apparently lost in meditation. Her bright golden ringlets, hung in luxurious clusters over an arm that might vie for whiteness with the purest snow of the Alps. A small table stood on one side of her, on which her elbow rested, and a harp on the other. She sat so motionless, that for some minutes I imagined I was gazing upon some fascinating piece of waxwork. At length, heaving a deep sigh, she turned, and drawing her harp towards her, began to sing, in a tone replete with plaintiveness and feeling.

She sang with so much pathos, that, unable longer to continue a mute spectator, I advanced from where I was standing, and would have thrown myself at her feet, had not the noise of my approach alarmed her. Starting from her seat, she shrieked, and retreated backwards, gazing at me as though I had been an apparition. Seeing her agitated, I apologized in the most respectful manner for my intrusion; letting her know, at the same time, that I was an Englishman, and one who would willingly befriend her, if she would condescend to command my services. My words had the desired effect. In a moment she was kneeling before me, grasping my hand convulsively, and exclaiming, while her whole soul seemed looking through her eyes,

"Can you save me! Can you give me liberty?"

With all the enthusiasm of five-and-twenty, I answered,

"Madam! nothing but death shall prevent me."

"Then Heaven receive my thanks!" cried the lady, clasping her hands, and looking upwards: "my prayers are at length answered."

Immediate danger makes strangers intimate. To her question, "Generous stranger, how can we escape?" I told her in a few words what the reader is already acquainted with; and added, "Could we but gain the small apartment in the gallery, we might easily descend the secret staircase and reach the garden, where, I have no doubt, we should find means to scale the wall, and escape."

Whilst disguising her person, she told me that she was taken prisoner during a voyage to the East Indies with her husband, by a pirate, who, being smitten with her beauty, had her conveyed to his castle, and had put in practice every possible means to gain her affections in vain. Being unable to satisfy his desires by gentle means, he had threatened to gratify them by force, and had given her a month to make up her mind; at the expiration of which time, did she not comply, he had sworn to put his threat into execution.

"This," said the lady, drawing a small poniard from her bosom, "this would have found my heart ere to-morrow eve, had it not pleased Heaven to raise that curiosity in your breast, which has brought you to my rescue."

Being anxious to escape while the captain and his crew were engaged in the saloon, we hurried through the passage, treading as softly as possible, till we came to the corridor.

The noise of the ruffians now assailed our ears, and became more terrific at every step. My sweet companion began to breathe thick, and tremble greatly. Her courage, however, supported her, and though she was ready to sink while passing the door of the saloon, yet we managed to reach the staircase in safety.

Once more in the gallery, I began to entertain hopes that all danger was past, when, on passing an open door, a gruff voice from the interior of the apartment vociferated, in Portuguese, "Who goes there?"—"Good Heavens! 'tis the captain's voice," cried the lady, "we are undone." No sooner had she uttered these words than she fainted in my arms. Driven desperate, I rushed with my lovely burden into a room, which I expected was the one I was in search of; I soon found, however, that I had entered the wrong room, and also that there was no possibility of retreating, as the yells of my pursuers seemed already close at my heels. Giving all over for lost, I fastened the door, kissed my lifeless charge, laid her on a couch, and drawing the dagger from her bosom, resolved so sell my life as dearly as possible.

The noise increased every instant; rushing was heard in every direction; the deep oaths of men mingled in concert with the shrill screams of women; I stood as though hell's jaws were extended to receive me, and that I was already entering upon the confines of the damned.

After standing some moments fixed to the spot, a loud knocking begun at the door, which was presently succeeded by an attempt to force it. Grasping my weapon tighter in my hand, and knitting my brows, I awaited the conflict in dreadful suspense; when suddenly, to my great surprise, I heard a noise,—which I knew directly to be that of my servant—rising above the general voice, and bawling, with stentorian lungs, "Sir! sir! for Heaven's sake open the door! the Inn is on fire!"

THE ENGLISH RESTAURANTS AT PARIS.

(From the *Charivari*.)

Paris is infested with a number of restaurants Anglais; the proper word is *taverns*; the real word would be *caverns*. These taverns, as they are called, are for the greater part round the remains of the late Italian Opera. The fire which devoured that pretty little theatre, respected the ignoble British pot-houses which surrounded it. It must be owned that the ways of Providence are inconceivable.

Our task would be rather difficult if we had to lead our readers into these holes, where, for a trifling sum, from 10d to 1s 4d, they might give themselves an indigestion of cow-beef, magnanimously yclept roast beef. The description of one, which will serve for all, will be quite enough for our readers; besides, these places are all alike, which is certainly not much to the credit of any.

Do you see that small door with a glass window, covered with a curtain of a dubious hue? It is not very tempting I own, but as you are inclined to see, it is useless to hesitate. Go on, lift the latch and the door will open. You need not be afraid of being bitten—you had better be afraid of biting. You are now in a dark, narrow, smoky room, the walls of which seem to have been once adorned with yellow paper, the windows are covered with green serge, and the two tables before you may, perhaps, have once been white, which is certainly more than one can say of the table-cloths.

Now sit down—for 21 sous you are entitled to the following fare:—a stool, more or less rickety, a slice of roast beef with gravy, two plain boiled potatoes, some spinach or cabbage also plain boiled, and a glass of wine. This wine, like the enthusiasm of the nation for the King, is beyond the powers of description; luckily you may, without any addition of expense, leave it untasted.

Provided you have three or four francs in your pocket you think, doubtless, you can sit down and thump on the table to make the waiter appear and receive your orders for dinner. Lamentable mistake—you must wait patiently, and often standing, till some one deigns to serve you. "Ask and you shall receive" is a maxim which is not followed in this establishment. On the contrary, if you want to have anything you must ask for nothing. The master, let me tell you, is by no means a common character. He is at once landlord, cook, and waiter—he does everything himself, but slowly, at his leisure, without any hurry whatsoever. Swollen with fat and big with importance, he allows no one to interrupt him in his functions, and pays the same attention to the demands of the presumptive diners as the Chamber of Deputies does to the complaints of the nation. He will let you bawl and squall, and mind you no more than he would a dog, unless you should happen to affect his nervous system, in which case he would collar you politely and turn you out, to carry your stomach and money elsewhere. This man's shop is his castle.

If, on the contrary, you are submissive and patient, perhaps after waiting for ten or twenty minutes, according as the great man may be occupied, he will take pity on your hungry stomach, and bring you a glass-knife and fork, and also a tooth pick, if you wish it, to give some occupation to your teeth; he does not bring you a napkin, as he considers it as a downright superfluity.

After a quarter of an hour, and sometimes more, he will bring you the lump of bread and half pint of wine, which form part of your meal; and at length, after a third pause, you will see the long-expected slice of beef make its triumphant entry on a plate, containing likewise, its twin-sister, the potato, and you will then be able to enjoy in all its excellence this culinary chef d'œuvre of English cookery.

Roast beef and potatoes are the foundation of the gastronomic system of our transmarine neighbours. Let us add to those two principal ele-

ments, cabbage, beans, spinach, apple pie, plum-pudding and grog, and you will have a thorough knowledge of the culinary science of England.

When your instruction on this head shall be as complete as you wish it to be, you may get up and go to the bar; but there you must wait till the landlord shall be inclined to come and receive your money. Do not appear to be impatient, for he would think nothing of putting on his hat and taking his stick for a walk in the Champs Elysees to show his independence.

The English landlord is generally short, big bellied, and thick-set—nature has gifted him with a pair of crimson cheeks: he generally wears a cotton nightcap and a very long apron. His tone is abrupt and incisive; though economical in words, he is still more so in his portions.

The English taverns in Paris are assiduously frequented by French, Germans, Italians, and Russians: in short, by the carnivorous of all parts of Europe, England excepted. As a compensation, the Italian restaurants are thronged with English, and the Spanish ones with Italians. National spirit does not go beyond the lips—the stomach is not acquainted with *amor patriæ*.

A CRITIQUE OF HYPERION.

EXTRACTED FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The Romance of Hyperion must not be judged by the principles of classical composition. It belongs, pre-eminently, to the Romantic School. The scene is laid in the very centre of all that is romantic in the land of recollections and ruins of the Middle Ages. It is steeped in the romantic spirit. The language is moulded into the gorgeous forms of Gothic art. The illustrations and comparisons are drawn wholly from the sphere of romantic literature. In tender and profound feeling, and in brilliancy of imagery, the work will bear a comparison with the first productions of romantic fiction, which English literature can boast. Some tastes will be offended by the luxuriance of the language, and the brocaded aspect which it occasionally presents. A mind educated in exclusive admiration of the ancient classics, or in the modern schools formed upon their principles, may naturally be displeased with many things which occur in "Hyperion." We are ourselves by no means insensible to the force of strictures, which may be made upon it. But we remember, on the other hand, that nature is limited to no age or country; and art may select from the whole range of nature those objects which suit her purposes, whether they have been handled by the ancient masters or not, provided she do not transcend the limits of morality on the one side, nor sink to the region of common place, on the other. "Hyperion" must be judged wholly with reference to this view. The term *romance* has probably misled a great many readers. We have been accustomed to expect, in a work bearing this title, a prodigious amount of diabolical mysteries, trap-doors without number, subterranean dungeons, and the clanking of chains; fortunate, if we escaped with half a dozen ghosts, to say nothing of wizards and enchanters. Mailed knights, and dragon-guarded ladies, are also quite necessary ingredients in the genuine mixture called a *romance*. "Hyperion" is no romance of this description. Its quiet, delicate, and beautiful pictures contrast with the terrific scenes of old romance, like a soft, autumnal scene, compared with the landscape swept by the tropical hurricane.

In simplicity of plan, "Hyperion" is also distinguished from what a romance is commonly understood to be. The action, if action it may be called, is carried on by as few personages as that of an ancient Greek drama. Nor are there any heroic achievements, which transcend the vigour of mortal arm; no battles astound us with their din, or shock us with their bloodshed. Why, then, is the book called a romance? The answer to this question is intimated in the remark we have already made; because its materials, thoughts, feelings, scenery, and illustration, are drawn from the regions of romantic sentiment and poetry. Two paths lay open to the author. He might have constructed a romance, which should have represented the romantic ages in their living reality. He might have gone back a few centuries, summoned the old knights from their tombs, re-peopled the ruined castles of the Rhine, and told a tale of love, such as the passion was felt in the olden time. But this would have been a work of a more artificial character than the present. It would have had less connexion with the feelings and aspirations of the present age; it would have been less a part of life, and an outpouring of the heart. The other course was the one which the author has followed. He has represented his hero under all the influences of the romantic age, which a man of modern times may be supposed to feel. In order to give him the greatest impressibility, he has conceived him as a person of delicately-strung nerves, of a poetical cast of mind, and as a day-dreamer. Add to this, he is an American, and a man of sorrows. He is a lover of the Middle Ages; and the more earnest and profound in his love for them, from the fact, that he comes from the New World. This hero, with all his delicate sensibilities, his poetical reveries, his quick feeling of the beauties of natural scenery, and his familiar acquaintance with the storied past, he places in the very heart of the region of old romance. He is a traveller and a student. His memory is peopled with the tales and legends of the Rhine; he sees, in the mighty ruins of the Middle Ages, noble monuments of a glorious and poetical period, and his heart beats with rapture in the contemplation of them. There is something striking in the mode by which the author has reconciled the demands of the past, and those of the present; in his delicate adaptation of the character of his hero to the impression, which it was desirable that the romantic scenes and monuments around him should produce, and the picture which he proposed to give. We are carried back to the illusions of the past, and yet we never desert the familiar present. We see the poetry and architecture of the romantic ages visibly mirrored in a modern mind; and yet that modern mind is such as may naturally be formed by the peculiar circumstances, and the heavy sufferings, which the author represents it to have passed through.

The passions which are unfolded in the course of the story are conducted upon the same principle. There is no modern complication of

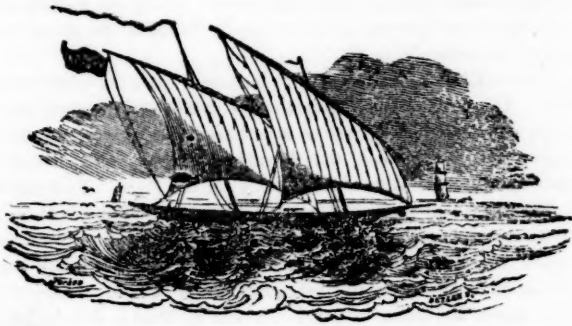
plot; there are no petty difficulties and entanglements, such as impede the progress of most modern heroes. There is a tale of love; but it is so taken out of the ordinary accompaniments of that passion, that it seems to belong more to a past and distant age than to the present. The passion remains; but it is so surrounded with the halo of poetry, and the recollections of other times, that its connexion with the real life of today, is like that of a cloud picture in the distant horizon, with the landscape of the solid earth beneath it. To keep up the consistency of the representation, the love-tale is one of unrequited passion. Thus the dreamy character, which ought to mark a literary work blending present realities and past illusions, is preserved throughout. This would have been interrupted, had the sober happiness of modern matrimony been allowed to close the scene. We should at once have stepped down from the fantastic heights of the Middle Ages, to the prosaic level of modern prosperity. The illusion would have been broken; the dream would have been over; and, instead of an uninterrupted picture of the poetical features of chivalrous ages,—warmed by the fire of passion, which is felt in all times,—the imagination would have been forcibly led away to bridal favours, and domestic bliss, and household cares; things very excellent in their way, but which form no suitable conclusion to a gorgeous dream, like that of "Hyperion."

There are a few points, already alluded to, which deserve a more particular consideration. The first is the suitability of the style to the scenes described. The scenery, we have said, is wholly of the romantic character; and the language, descriptive of such scenery, should be such as to awaken romantic associations, and no other, if possible. Now, the English language has two elements, each of which predominates with a particular class of writers. In Johnson's time, the only models of composition were the ancient classics and the modern French. The Latin element of our language was then most in favour. Dr. Johnson's sesquipedalian verbosity had spread far and wide, and had a great weight of literary authority on its side. But the old ballad poetry of England had already begun to be studied, and was slowly working a revolution in the poetical style, and through that in the literary style generally. The sources of the language were explored, and the elder literature of England,—the dramatic, as well as the ballad poetry,—and the glorious swan-like dirge of chivalry, the "Fairy Queen" of Spenser, awakened a feeling of fresh delight in the English heart. In short, the old romantic tincture,—the Saxon colouring,—which had been stamped on English literature ages before, began to reappear, and the cumbrous phraseology of Johnson and his imitators was laid aside for a style more akin to the original genius of the language. The *palimpsest* was freed from foreign matter and the old characters were restored.

It cannot be denied, that the most expressive and picturesque and national parts of our complicated language are the remains of the Anglo-Saxon. They speak the wants of the national heart; they recall the imagery that surrounded the national childhood; they carry us back to the associations, which blend with all our recollections of departed days; they touch the deepest chords of English feeling, and draw from them the readiest response, and the most powerful harmonies. They take us back to the rude old Saxon times, and the romantic manners, of the Middle Ages. Now, it is precisely this element which is most suitable to a romance, and especially one whose scenes are laid in Germany; and a careful examination of the style of "Hyperion," will show that this old Saxon element predominates in it to a very remarkable degree. And it is this element that makes the style so picturesque. The scenery of the Rhine, and the old ruins of the castles, stand in living light before the reader's eye, and are re-peopled with the dim and dusky forms, conjured up from the romantic past. And the romantic legends, and old catholic usages, reappear, and convent bells are heard, and Gothic architecture is re-invested with all its hallowed associations. It would be difficult, we fancy, to find a book more remarkable for this picturesque character than "Hyperion."

Another point deserving of more particular remark, is the literary criticism contained in the book. The author's mind and heart are full of the poetical literature of Germany; and he writes about it with the eloquence and enthusiasm of a lover. The criticisms, which he puts into the mouth of his hero, are plainly his own; and, without adopting them for ours, we hold it but justice to say, that they are marked by a clearness and warmth, which indicate a sagacious head as well as a sympathizing heart. This love of German literature has given a German tincture to the whole book, which is far from being out of keeping with its general scope and aim. We do not perceive, that the mistiness and obscurity, which are the besetting sin of German authors, have spread over the radiant pictures of "Hyperion"; on the contrary, the author more than once takes occasion to reprove the supersublimated nonsense of the Transcendentalists. But it cannot be denied, that the sentimental feelings, which belong more to German than to English poetry, are perceptible in the general tone of the work; and that this sentimentality occasionally transcends the bounds of English reserve. Nor are we prepared to vindicate the tone of expression in every case. We would by no means hold up "Hyperion" as a model of style for our countrymen. With all its excellences, it has defects,—*splendida ritia*,—which, in any attempt at imitation, would degenerate into intolerable faults. With this caveat, we must say, that we have been borne away upon its golden tide of brilliant language, in spite of critical objections, and sometimes against our better judgment; and its rich discussions of letters and art have always given materials for reflection, and often feelings of delight. The translations from the German poets, which illustrate the literary conversations, are perfect gems in their way. Any one, who has attempted the task of poetical translation from a foreign tongue, will appreciate fully the excellences of these, and will understand the difficulties to be overcome. They are,—we have compared them all,—they are perfect transcripts of the original, line for line, almost epithet for epithet, metre for metre, and rhyme for rhyme. And yet, with all this faithful adherence to the originals, they are as free and unconstrained in their movement, as if they were English originals. The highest form of translation is that which unites these two capital qualities; a form which we need not say,

has very rarely been attained in any age; a degree of excellence, which, we had almost said, is more difficult of attainment, than the beauties of original poetry itself. We have no hesitation in claiming for our countryman the foremost rank among living translators.



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1840.

WAITING FOR THE STEAM SHIPS.

It is amusing to observe the industry and adroitness—the shifts and turns of papers of every kind to keep up the interest of their columns just previous to the long expected arrival of an English Steam Ship. In former times no calculation was made on a packet's arrival on a certain day. Every week was quite sure to bring with it one or more of the line Packets, and as they all brought something fresh from the foreign press there was ever a supply of foreign topics, wherewith to give a relish to our own local news and swell the variety of editorials. Wholly different is the case now. A steamer arrives, and the news market is glutted for a day or a week, then comes a dreary waste of time, barren of all the essentials that go to keep up an interest on the great topics that employ the thoughts of the civilized world. Then it is that the whole editorial phalanx puts forth its power, and gathers from every recess and corner, materials of native growth,—burnishing up half forgotten items,—reviving unfinished discussions, and gleaning every pigeon hole and drawer for a fitting amount of “mental provender” wherewith to stay the general appetite until the laggard steamer brings relief.

For the last ten days the entire American Press has been languishing for news and for topics of discussion more exciting, and of more general interest than the quiet affairs of our country at present afford. The extension of commerce, and the facilities of transmitting intelligence from the remotest regions of the earth, have created a desire in the public mind to learn with as much minuteness the affairs of Turkey and China as those of England and France. This increasing appetite must needs be gratified, and the New York Papers, standing, as it were, on the threshold of this Western World, are expected to furnish a continuous flow of well digested “summaries” whether steamers arrive or no. It is astonishing to what an extent this expectation is realized. Much is made of the little when a stray packet reaches us,—everything tells, be it fresh or “seedy.” Now and then, however, a time arrives when the ingenuity of man can scarcely honour the call made on his resources. Every foreign topic is exhausted, local subjects have become tame—fires, accidents, and shipwrecks have been discussed till comment is sheer repetition,—still the perverse steamer will not arrive, and the whole country is gaping for news. Then it is that the New York Press is put to its trumps; then it is amusing to observe it coquetting with the public ear by predicting the news,—assuming the rise of cotton, or stagnation of business—conjecturing the effect of a war between England and China—foretelling the influence of Prince Albert, when he has married the Queen—congratulating Spain on the cessation of hostilities, and finding fault with Louis Philippe for his treatment of Don Carlos.

THE LOSS OF THE LEXINGTON.

It is now twelve days since this great catastrophe occurred on the waters of the Sound, still the public excitement continues with but little abatement, and the press is daily teeming with facts and conjectures connected with the distressing accident. Examinations have been gone into, and every means employed to elicit all that can be gathered both from the survivors and those acquainted with the construction of the boat, but the only result seems to be a conviction, that the appalling extent of the disaster was mainly the result of want of coolness and presence of mind in danger.

When in our last number we alluded to the frightful calamity, we con-

fess we were animated by a tremulous hope that in the hour of extremest danger the Angel of mercy was abroad, that the piteous shrieks of struggling mortals might be heard, and themselves either rescued by timely aid of some passing craft yet unheard from, or cast upon some strand to breathe and live on till succour reached them. To a very small extent has that hope been realised, and we fear but five persons remain to tell the dreadful tale.

More than one hundred beings were suddenly engulfed and called into the presence of their Creator without preparation. It rests with their surviving friends to pay a final tribute to their memories by recording their virtues and expressing the sorrows the bereavement has occasioned. Among those who were lost, none were more distinguished ornaments of the professions to which they severally belonged than the Rev. Mr. Follen, Mr. Finn, and Mr. Samuel Henry of Manchester, England. Of the two former, several papers have spoken with eloquent truth, and we take upon ourselves the sad task of offering our faint, but sincere memorial to the high character of Mr. Henry. This gentleman had resided in this country several years, and was extensively engaged in commercial affairs. His gentle demeanour and constant urbanity,—his benevolence, and above all, his sterling integrity, had endeared him to all with whom business or society had led him to associate. When the fatal intelligence reaches the city where is located the head of the commercial establishment to which he belonged, there will be few tearless eyes among those who knew him longest and best.

THE DOG-STAR RAGES.

We love dogs better than all other animals save a horse. We love every species of dog we have ever seen—the poodle least. We love even an honest cur of low degree.—We dote on pointers and setters. An old hound with his long velvet ears and serious face is our admiration. A square nosed bull with projecting teeth we fancy—through an iron fence. A rat-catching terrier delights us with his unwearied enterprise. But there is one dog we have never yet been able to put eyes upon him, that we most sincerely abominate. He dwells in the vicinity of the two largest Hotels in this city, and about the time the short hours of the morning invite to sleep, he begins to bewail the shortness of his tether and his limited apartments, by sending forth into the clear air sundry premonitory shrill barks. Getting his throat in tune, and becoming animated with the exercise, he essays divers howlings, then pipes up into a screeching falsetto as though he was choking, and terminates the overture with a most dolorous combination of barking, howling, and screeching, all in a breath. Turn not on your side, weary traveller or sleepless watcher, with the vain hope that that dog has completed his nightly orgies! He has but just begun. You are dozing, and dream of quiet scenes that suddenly become perturbed and frightful—you awake, that dreadful dog is entering on the serious business of the night. He seems frantic, and yelps forth his agony with such thrilling notes of distress that your heart bleeds for him. He grows more quiet. *Vox hæsit in faucibus*. You are mistaken—though the thermometer indicates the cold below zero, makes no difference, that dog must proceed. And now what touching variations does his tuneless throat send forth—plaintive—pathetic, woe-ful, then tearing the note to tatters, he passionately ululates his sense of the wrong he suffers in being thus chained to his strawless bed. Perchance some felonious cat rushes past. The note is changed, hoarse barking rapidly ensues, and the welkin rings with the merry burst. This is natural—one can bear it, and almost composes himself to sleep. Not so that dog. His grief again fills his throat. He seems determined to be heard by his cruel master—he pitches his terrible voice to its utmost height—he prolongs every howl—he throws his whole soul into a crying whine, so piteous, so full of anguish, that you fancy he expired in giving it utterance. He stops merely to listen for the footstep of his master. He hears it not. Then commences *ab initio*, the music of the night, and thus with slight variation is kept up this horrid nuisance till night's candles are burnt out. Yes, yes, there is one dog we do abominate.

STAGNATION IN THE BOOK MARKET.—Whoever has been in the habit of relying on the regular issues from the press of the publishers of new works, for their light reading, must have remarked and most sensibly felt the great scarcity of books of all kinds, during the last three months. One would almost imagine that the popular writers of the day had absolutely renounced their occupation, and thrown away their pens in despair. A few English works of most unquestioned merit have been republished—but the sale has been very limited. Mr. James's last novel is an exception perhaps, for every reading man, would sooner forego his dinner than fail to refresh his care worn spirit with the perusal of that enchanting work. The Splendid English Annuals, of which great numbers were imported, were actually sacrificed at auction—the most superb and expensive selling for five dollars.

Now is the time to purchase a cheap library of most valuable books. They never were as cheap. Beautiful American reprints of Standard literature, are selling for a mere song—and rare editions and choice selections from foreign libraries can be procured at great bargains.

OVER-SHOOTING THE MARK.

We every now and then see advertised, Galleries of Splendid Pictures, the owners claiming for them the character of undoubted originals, of some half a dozen of the first Masters of Italy, and concluding with the modest announcement that in addition, the gallery also contains specimens from the hands of *all other* great Painters. "The native born" are probably but slightly humbugged by such an outrageous proclamation, for this species of gammon has been played off from year to year with so little success, and has been so often detected to mean nothing more than a simple experiment on the gullibility of this community, that except with those whose eyes are particularly *verdant*, it all goes for nothing. Strangers, however, are often "taken in," and when they "come out" from the gallery, may be seen holding up both hands in astonishment, that the American public can be so imposed on. They are indeed mistaken for it is getting to be perfectly understood, that only a man of fortune could possibly possess himself of original pictures by the great masters, and that the miserable daubs which one encounters at half the exhibitions, have not even the merit of being creditable copies. We have a great number of artists now in the city, almost idle during these hard times, whose works are infinitely superior to these ghastly-looking gleanings from European garrets, which are cried up as *chef d'œuvre*. Let then the liberal lover of the fine arts, show his appreciation of the genius of his countrymen, and of living artists, by employing talent now languishing in partial obscurity from lack of encouragement. Let those less able to indulge in the possession of pictures, patronise the galleries of American artists, and of those talented foreigners who are sojourning among us, and in this way actually sustain the "good cause," and contribute to banish humbug and imposture.

THE DEATH OF STEPHEN PRICE.—The numerous acquaintances and friends of this gentleman were greatly shocked on Monday by the announcement of his sudden death by quinsy, after a brief illness of two or three days. For more than thirty years, Mr. Price has been associated in the management of the Park Theatre, and whether in prosperity or adversity his career has been characterized by the same unrelenting course of honourable conduct, and by the same resolute determination to uphold the true interests of the Drama, by securing the first talent of the age, and producing in constant succession the great master pieces of the modern stage. His situation has ever been one of high responsibility—subjecting him to great vicissitudes of fortune, and to frequent attacks; but throughout his long management, his stern integrity of character, and his unflinching adherence to whatever course he believed correct, have won the respect of those who knew him best, and they are among the oldest and most respectable of our citizens. His intercourse with society was marked by a frank and honest bluntness of manner, that was amply redeemed from all indelicacy or rudeness by the cheerful vivacity of his conversation, the sterling manliness of his feelings, and a hearty good will, and generous regard for the interests of others. Incapable of anything approaching meanness, he was equally uncompromising in his determination to submit to nothing that partook of that equality in others. He was a gentleman of the old school, abounding in anecdote of that generation of men, who succeeded the fathers of the Revolution, and indulging a profound admiration for the talents and deeds of his countrymen.

Our intercourse with him was but recent, yet seldom have we been more impressed with the strength and native dignity of mind than it was, his wont to exhibit on all occasions. A truer friend no man ever had, and his acts of kindness to the unfortunate, and especially to those who may have once been in his employ, are proverbial among those who knew him best. He was followed to his grave by many friends, and will be long mourned by a wide circle of intimates both here and in England, as a gentleman of unsullied reputation, pure intentions, and strict integrity.

EMBASSY EXTRAORDINARY.—The European correspondent of the National Intelligencer says:

We have nothing new from Turkey, this day, except an article, by the way of the Pays de Vaud, in which it is related the young Sultan was about to send forth another *Hatti-Scheriff*, authorizing the females of the empire to dress in the European fashion; and, still more strange, his Sublimity had yielded to the instances of his sister Mihirmah, and granted her permission to repair to London in order to be present at the Marriage of Queen Victoria. She will be accompanied by the English Dr. Millingen and a brilliant Turkish suite, in the magnificent steamboat *Rose Mousse*. She may travel on the Continent, but not visit Paris—sad reservation for both the lady and this curious and gallant me-

tropolis. This article of the *Nouvelliste Vaudois* seems to need confirmation.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN ROME.

[We congratulate ourselves on the pleasure of giving our readers an extract from the private Journal of a looker-on in Rome at the gorgeous celebration of Christmas in 1838.]

Dec. 25th.—To day I went to St. Peter's to witness the Christmas ceremonies. This magnificent Temple never could have appeared to such advantage, tho' many of its beauties were hidden by the gorgeous draperies prepared for the occasion, and the splendid chair of St. Peter was concealed by a crimson throne and canopy for the Pope. This precious relic is not exposed to view, but is encased in some of the bronze *doré* once covering the Pantheon, which building, now stripped of its ornaments, in its naked majesty, out-shines all of modern Rome. This chair stands in the Tribune at the extremity of the church, and back of the *maitre autel*, where repose the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul in a silver shrine, around which burn externally 112 lamps; above rises a magnificent canopy 86 feet high of the same bronze *doré*. The Tribune was covered with crimson cloth, and seats were ranged around for all the dignitaries of the church. On the left of the Tribune was a second seat for the Pope, covered with cloth of silver.

In a favourable situation for viewing the ceremonies, seats were arranged for ladies; the entrance guarded by a Swiss soldier, who grimly presented his battle-axe in the faces of the fair ones who entreated for admission before the appointed hour, or without the necessary passport. I observed, however, that he could not steel his heart against the bright eyes and homely words of a Transatlantic daughter of "la bella France," who, destitute of a ticket, thus obtained an entrance where a Peeress of England was refused.

At nine the Church began to fill with military in various rich dresses, who formed two lines up the centre aisle; of these my attention was particularly drawn to a splendid corps, comprised of young nobles of the highest rank in Rome, and forming a new body-guard for the Pope. These lined the Tribune. The more ancient Swiss guards wore the picturesque dress of the middle ages, blue cloth striped with yellow, crimson, and white; their feathers of the same hues and a stiff white ruff around the throat; their arms consisted of an antique sword and battle axe. Their officers wore coats of mail, of which some were very splendid, steel inlaid with gold.

Soon approached the procession heralded by a faint sound of chanting, which grew louder as it entered the church. The scene was now gorgeous beyond description! The Pope was carried in a chair under a canopy of cloth of silver; his robes of the same material and his mitre dazzling with precious stones—behind him were carried two large fans of Peacock's feathers. The procession was swelled by innumerable Cardinals, Bishops, and Churchmen of all ranks, in flowing robes of gold and silver, crimson and purple, glowing like a rainbow in the sickly light of the lamps, paled by the half excluded brilliancy of the morning sun, and softened by clouds of richest incense floating from silver censers. The procession moved very slowly to music excessively solemn and touching.

The deference paid to His Holiness was more like the worship offered to a divine being, than to a weak and (scandal says,) not unerring mortal like ourselves, and was strangely revolting to the feelings of a Protestant republican. He was carried to the last mentioned seat in the Tribune, and after each Cardinal had kissed the ring on his hand, received his blessing kneeling, and the Bishops had knelt and kissed his foot, or rather the cross embroidered on the slipper, (as say those who wish to lay a flattering unction to their pride,) mass commenced. The chanting was most exquisite, and by the singers of the Sistine Chapel.

At length the Pope advanced to the *maitre autel* and blessed the bread and wine. He then elevated the Host, and the effect was thrilling! Every one in that vast Temple knelt; the gay soldier, the proud churchman in his gorgeous robes, the meek novice, the courtly beauty, all alike prostrated before the visible body and blood of Christ! There was a momentary clashing of arms and armour on the pavement, the entire cessation of the Chant, the midnight hush of the multitude, a silence in which we could hear only the beating of our hearts, and then from high and unseen galleries (as in the Jewish Temple), trumpets answered each other with almost unearthly tones of sweetness. The effect was overpowering, and like to the call of the last day.

The Pope then seated himself upon the crimson throne, and with great pomp the Host was carried to him, behind it always moving seven priests carrying seven golden candlesticks, illustrative of I know not what, unless the seven churches of Christendom. Whenever the sacred book was opened, a worthy priest knelt at the feet of his Holiness, and made a most uncomfortable sort of reading desk of himself by holding the book upon his head, whilst another held a candle. The ceremonies were terminated with the Benediction, and the Pope was carried out in the same solemn

state to the Vatican, where he received the visits of the court and of distinguished strangers. Among these we had noticed Don Miguel, the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, the Queen of Sardinia, and several English Nobles, and others whose gay uniforms and court dresses enriched the scene.

When we left the church, we experienced an inexpressible relief at exchanging its close atmosphere, heavy with incense, for the purer air without, where the bright waters of those ever-living fountains were rejoicing in the sunlight, and falling within their rainbows in showers of gems. The court was filled with brilliant equipages going to and from the Palace, followed by long lines of richly liveried servants.—Through these we made our way with difficulty, leaving a scene never to be effaced from the memory.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

Since the appointment of Mr. Stephens to a Government office in Central America, and it being understood that the artist, Catherwood, accompanies him, great interest is felt in the success of the mission, and much curiosity to learn more of a country abounding in ruins of ancient cities, and the magnificent remains of temples. Great expectations are indulged in relation to Mr. Stephens's forthcoming work, which, we have no doubt, will be most amply fulfilled. Not to anticipate but to keep alive curiosity on a subject so interesting to Americans, we extract an account of the ruins of Motagua, written by a gentleman who had visited the scenes he describes.

Motagua, like Palenque, is not mentioned by the historians of the Spanish conquest. I cannot, at present, determine whether it was destroyed previous to the arrival of the Europeans, I should rather surmise not; its obelisks and altars, being superior and more remarkable than those of Copan, seem to indicate it as the capital of the Chortis; and yet, if it had been such at the period of the conquest, assuredly its capture would have been noticed by the Spanish writers. Perhaps Motagua was the first capital founded by Tultecas on their establishment of the Chorti state, and the seat of government was subsequently removed to Copan, on account of the latter's less warm and more salubrious climate.

The architecture of Motagua is very similar to that of Copan, except being on a more gigantic scale. The identity of the hieroglyphics of Palenque, Copan, and Motagua, lead me to suppose that the inscriptions were entirely in one language (the Tulteca,) already become dead at the time of cutting, and superseded at the former place by the Maya, and at the two latter by the Chorti.

The principal building of Motagua, now fallen, and merely a colossal mound of stone, is of a rectangular form, and covers an immense space of ground; some of the blocks, of a brick shape, are a yard long, and so in proportion. This edifice, however, never rose to the height of the temple of Copan.

Close to the bottom steps of this principal building, and on the side furthest from the river, are two stone altars, each of a single piece; the largest measures two yards and a half every way. On the side of the altar facing the building, and near its top, a cross is worked in basso-relievo; on the opposite side of the stone is a small face; the rest of the altar is covered with hieroglyphics; and, in one spot, eight small tablets of phonetic characters are enclosed in an oval.

The smaller and more eastern altar bears on its face, fronting the edifice, a gigantic head, the temples of which are bound by four fillets, divided into small compartments of hieroglyphics; the rest of the stone is crumbling to bits, and a gigantic masica, or bread-nut tree, grows on its top, encircling the altar with its powerful roots. Near here I observed an immense stone turtle.

The whole of the ruins are now enclosed in a lofty and thick wood, the most remarkable trees of which, are mahogany, cedar, bread-nut (on the leaves and berries of which horses, cattle, and hogs, are commonly fed), anona and cacao, or chocolate trees. Amidst the labyrinth of the forest, and taking the direction of the various mounds of stone, both squared and in a rough state, which indicate the position of these ancient buildings, I conceive I can trace the streets, though no such regular communications existed in Palenque or Copan. The site of this city was on a perfect level, as was the greater part of Copan.

The chief square of Motagua is situated at some distance towards the east of the principal building already mentioned, and is surrounded by six handsome obelisks still standing, the loftiest of which is nearly seven yards high; the taller obelisks are smaller at the top than at the bottom; they all bear in basso-relievo a gigantic figure on two opposite fronts; and the other two sides contain squares of hieroglyphics, the whole very neatly worked: the figures stand square to the front, their ears monstrously large, great beads hang from some of the noses, one arm generally hid by the drapery, and a fan or flapper in the hand; the clothing is highly ornamented, and long trousers are distinguishable on many figures. The whole square was nearly surrounded by edifices; towards its centre, and opposite one of the obelisks, is an immense circular stone, containing a front face and numerous hieroglyphics in basso-relievo.

Many other obelisks are found fallen throughout the ruins; they all still bear evidence of having been painted red.

Stone, similar to that used in these works, is not to be found at a nearer distance than the Palmilla, more than three leagues higher up the Motagua; the river not having a sufficient body of water to support the larger masses brought here, they must have been rolled to this spot with prodigious labor. Possibly the Tultecas used the tapir as a beast of draught and burden. Though the squared and wrought stone in the city, like that of Copan, is of a soft species, yet there is a great difficulty in ascertaining with what instruments it was worked: might it have been with chaya or other harder

stone, or implements of copper or other metal? certainly the Tultecas had not the use of iron.—Hard stones, such as are found in or near the river, and in an unworked state, were abundantly employed in these buildings.

Scattered ruins are found along the banks of the Motagua, and its affluents, below this spot. From hence to the sea, the Motagua flows through an uninhabited forest, strikingly contrasted with the evidences of its former crowded population. I have calculated, on various data, that at the period of Columbus's visit to Central America, the country contained from ten to fifteen millions of Indians, whose numbers have been rapidly decreasing to the present day, that we have not fully two millions of inhabitants of all classes; nor do I believe that the white, black, or mixed population, have increased within the last two hundred years.

Such facts, in a country so fertile and salubrious as Central America, and where the springs of life are never checked by Winter, oblige me to adopt a system completely opposed to Malthus; and incline me to believe that in the greater number of cases population rather increases in the ratio of the difficulty of existence, than the reverse. This remarkable contrast in the progress of population between us and our neighbors of the northern parts of America, does not depend on the difference of our races: the English themselves, who were formerly settled in considerable numbers along our northern continental shores, from Bocatoro to Belize (Honduras), are now reduced to three hundred white persons at the latter place; while the British settlements in the bay of Campeachy have entirely disappeared.

I have taken upon myself to call this ruined city "Motagua," as most probably it bore that denomination, and gave it to the neighbouring river. Except towards some of their sources, the affluents and main canal of the Motagua flow within the modern State of Guatemala, one of the six members of the federation of Central America.

ROBBERY OF LOVE LETTERS.

A strange occurrence lately formed the topic of conversation in the saloon of the Italian Opera. Some years ago, when, still under the influence of the ingenuous sentiments which, even in these goat-bearded times, accompany the entry of a young man of family into the world, M. de — preferred rich and elegant drawing-rooms to his stables, and the company of laughing and pensive girls to his race-horses or hounds. He had attached himself to the daughter of an eminent personage, whose fortune, too, inferior to that he was sole heir to, rendered a marriage between them hopeless. They did not think so at that period, and in the vehemence of their secret affection they contemplated flight, and even suicide, if unsurmountable obstacles opposed what they called their happiness. But time had cooled this effervescence, and six months ago M. de —'s tender friend had put an end to the romance of first love by marrying one of our principal manufacturers. So far all was right, and M. de —, too much of a man of honour to let even any regret be suspected, had eagerly attended the marriage ceremony. But a gloomy thought assailed the bride. She had formerly kept up a correspondence with M. de —, who had kept possession of those tender epistles, and though she knew he was incapable of making an improper use of them, she would have given any thing to recover them.

Unable to employ any body to ask them of him, she wrote to him. The answer was soon returned. M. de —, at the same time that he professed the profoundest respect for Madame N —, declared, that he set too high a value upon her letters ever to part with them, assuring her that he had not ceased carrying them with him upon his heart. Such was the case. The letters, four in number, had remained with Madame N —'s portrait, in a pocket-book, which was continually in the breast-pocket of his coat. A few evenings ago, M. de —, deserting the Opera, of which he is an habitué, went to see a piece in vogue at another theatre. On entering a balcon stall he deposited his great coat in the hands of the box-opener. At the end of the play, when M. de — was putting on his great coat, he was hustled by a cluster of persons rushing in a contrary direction, and, when they had passed, he found that an incision had been made on the left side of his coat, and that his breast-pocket and his pocket book, containing a 1,000 franc bank-note, had been carried off. At supper he told some friends of his mishap, which he considered an ordinary theft; but, on going home, found that a sealed parcel had been left for him at midnight, and that the bearer had recommended its being delivered to him only. He opened it, and, to his great amazement, found that it contained the pocket-book, bank-note, and all his other papers, save the four letters and portrait. It may well be supposed that M. de — has not laid any complaint on the subject before the police.

PRIVATE FORTUNES OF SOME OF THE GREAT PERSONAGES OF ANCIENT TIMES.—Cæsar possessed in landed property a fortune equal to 1,700,000*l.*, besides a large sum of money, slaves, and furniture, which amounted to an equal sum; he used to say that a citizen who had not a fortune sufficient to support an army, or a legion did not deserve the title of a rich man. The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of 2,500,000*l.* Lentulus, the soothsayer, had 3,500,000*l.* Tiberius, at his death, left 23,625,000, which Caligula spent in less than twelve months. Cæsar, before he entered upon any office, owed 2,995,000*l.*; he purchased the friendship of Curoi for 500,000*l.*, and that of Lucius Paulus for 300,000*l.* At the time of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, Anthony was in debt to the amount of 300,000*l.*; he owed this sum in the Ides of March, and it was paid before the Kalends of April; he squandered 147,000,000*l.* of the public treasures. Apicius expended in debauchery 500,000*l.*; Julius Cæsar gave Servilla, the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of 40,000*l.* Cleopatra, at an entertainment, gave to Anthony, dissolved in vinegar, who swallowed it, a pearl worth 80,000*l.* Claudius, the son of Esopus, the comedian, swallowed one worth 8000*l.* One single dish cost Esopus 80,000*l.* Caligula spent for one supper 80,000*l.*, and Heliogabalus 20,000*l.* The usual cost of a repast for Lucullus was 20,000*l.* Misalla gave 400,000*l.* for the house of Anthony. The fish from Lucullus's fish-ponds were sold for 35,000*l.*

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

The performances were resumed at this house on Wednesday evening—the Vandenhoffs appearing for the second time in Knowles's new play of "Love." It was first played on the occasion of Miss Vandenhoff's benefit to the largest house of the season, and although great pains had been taken to give effect to the minutest points, it evidently went off heavily, not so much from any inherent quality of the play or imperfection in the actors, as from a want of knowledge and understanding of the plot on the part of the audience. On its second representation a much deeper interest was excited, and the thousand beauties of this most exciting and highly finished Drama, were more fully appreciated. We have never seen Miss Vandenhoff in a character better suited to her style, and to that peculiar power which she so eminently possesses, of rendering pathetic and startling passages with marked effect. Throughout the play she elicited much applause, and the force and feeling with which she characterises all her acting, were never more judiciously applied. "The Countess" of Miss Vandenhoff does her more honour, as an artist, than any thing we have seen her attempt.

Mr. Vandenhoff's "Huo" was undoubtedly well conceived and fairly played, but it was quite impossible to realize in one of his years, playing too with a daughter, the young and daring lover of the proud and scornful out susceptible Countess. He seemed to lack warmth and the impetuosity of a youthful lover, yet in the latter scenes his dignity and manly bearing redeemed in part what we considered tame and cold in the first acts.

The play has been admirably got up and is destined to retain a high rank among its author's most popular dramas. We only regret that the shortness of Mr. and Miss V's engagement, will not permit it to be so often repeated as is necessary fully to feel and enjoy all its beauties.

Richelieu was played for the last time on Thursday, and as it must ever do in competent hands, excited great admiration and long continued applause.

THE OLYMPIC.

The persevering and industrious Mitchell is getting well rewarded for making his snug theatre respectable and attractive. The fun and merriment which is nightly created by his own individual exertions, would well repay the trouble of going to his entertainments. His personations are quite the most humorous things on the stage, and they are nightly enjoyed by a laughter-loving audience that are unanimous in their praise of the superior excellence of the novelties to be found at the Olympic. Mitchell has also an effective company of comedians, equal to all the support he requires, and with the tact and enterprise he has already evinced, his house will continue the resort of those who are disposed to while away an hour and laugh at the eccentricities and fopperies of the day.

Plunderings by the Way.

The Minister of the Interior has just sent to Mlle. Rachel a collection of the best classical authors in the French language, splendidly bound, and bearing the cipher of the young actress, by way of encouragement, accompanied by a very complimentary letter.

PORTUGUESE AND POLISH LITERATURE.—There is no country in Europe, in which literature has declined so rapidly within the last few years, as in Portugal; even Poland, fettered with every restraint, has greater pretensions to literary distinction than Portugal; though, in the latter country, a few agricultural works, and two or three annuals, are the only writings which appear.

Colonel Achille Murat, who wisely keeps aloof from all political connexions and movements, had, the day before yesterday, a *tete-a-tete* of three-quarters of an hour with Louisa Philippe. I know what passed, and think it highly creditable to both parties.

WILLS OF SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, AND NAPOLEON.—The last wills and testaments of these three great men are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen at Doctor's Commons. In the will of the bard of Avon, is an interlineation in his own hand-writing:—"I give unto my wife my brown best bed, with the furniture." It is proved by William Bayde, 22nd of July, 1616. The will of the minstrel of Paradise, is a nuncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. The will of Napoleon is signed in a bold style of writing; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.—*Times*.

The *Presse* says: "We are informed that some members of the Chamber of Deputies intend, at the opening of the session, to bring forward a bill similar to that which exists in England, by which the presumptive heir to the throne is interdicted from leaving the British territory without a special vote of Parliament granting permission to that effect."

RECREATION.—He that spends his time in sports, and calls it recreation, like him whose garments is all made of fringes, and his meat nothing saucy; they are all healthless, chargeable, and useless.

CHAIR USED BY CHARLES I. ON HIS TRIAL.—An attractive curiosity has latterly, along with many others, been added by loan to the list of those which will shortly be exhibited by the Birmingham Mechanics' Institution. It is the chair which Charles I. not only sat in during his trial, but which was also placed for his accommodation upon the scaffold at Whitehall. It has a low seat and high back, and is covered with decayed crimson velvet, a footstool being attached to it of corresponding style and materials. It has descended to the present possessor from Bishop Juxon, who attended at the time of his execution.—*Birmingham Paper*.

JOKES.—"Joke, a jest; something not serious," says Johnson. Common sense is said to be a rarer quality than genius, but a good joke is rarer still. Rogers, the poet, remarked that the best joke he had ever heard was an acknowledgment in the newspapers from the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, that they had received *six pounds* sterling from some patriotic individuals towards the liquidation of the national debt! The disproportion between the means and the end is certainly ludicrous enough, and rivals the egregious vanity of old Denis, the critic ("Mad Denis," as Swift called him), who imagined the French were going to invade Great Britain, because he had written a tragedy reflecting on the French character. As an instance of the strange association of ideas in some minds, we may mention that when a gentleman remarked on the morning that intelligence was received of Lord Byron's death—"So Byron is gone!"—an individual present rejoined, "Yes, and do you know Mr. Cooper, our neighbour, is not expected to live!"

Scarcely less rich was the remark of a cockney citizen—"I like Young's *acting* better than his *Night Thoughts*," confounding the poetical divine, long since gathered to his fathers, with the tragedian then flourishing on the stage.

One slight ovation more, and we have done. Scotchmen are famous for nationality, and one night we remember a popular living author, in the midst of a joyous group in London, reciting with great enthusiasm, from memory, Burns' *Address to the Deil*. He repeated the lines—

"I've heard my reverend grannie say,

In lonely glens ye like to stray!"

when a genuine borderer burst out, "D'ye think the *auld chield* has any notion of Scotch scenery? O I wish I was wi' him!" This was the climax of nationality.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—With women, the great business of life is love; and they generally make a mistake in it. They consult neither the heart nor the head, but are led away by mere humour and fancy. If instead of a partner for life, they had to choose a partner in a country-dance or to trifle away an hour with, their mode of calculation would be right. They tie their true-lover's knot with idle thoughtless haste, while the institutions of society render it indissoluble.—*Hazlitt*.

EDUCATION.—The French are fond of reading as well as of talking. You may constantly see girls tending an apple-stall in the coldest day in winter, and reading Voltaire or Racine. Such a thing was never known in London as a barrow-woman reading Shakspeare. Yet we talk of our wide-spread civilisation and ample provisions for the education of the poor.—*Ibid*.

THE GREEN-ROOM.—A handsome apartment, surrounded by ottomans, embellished with splendid mirrors, and lighted up by a magnificent lustre, is appropriated for the reception of the performers. Seated on their luxurious couches may be seen the laughing hoyden in grave debate with the sceptred monarch, and the jolly tar doling out his personal griefs into the ear of a singing match-girl; and all done with a gravity and ceremony little to be expected in such a place, filled with such company. In fact, nothing can be more striking than to hear a lady who has just been figuring on the stage as a coquette, or a romp, explaining to some friend the distress she is labouring under, in consequence of the serious illness of her mother or aunt; or to see a gentleman, fresh from the boards, upon which he had been amusing the audience, as *Caleb Quotem* or *Jeremy Diddler*, with tears in his eyes and a low comedy wig on his head, giving an account of the melancholy state of his wife and three children, all dying of scarletina. But such is too often the case; too often while the player is tortured with physical pain, or sinking under moral distress, he is obliged, in his vocation, to wear the face of mirth, and to distort his features into the extremes of grimace. The actress, writhing under the pangs of ingratitude in man or insult from woman, is similarly driven to strain her lungs to charm the ears of an audience, or exhibit her graceful figure to the best advantage in the animated dance for the amusement of the half-price company of a one-shilling gallery, while her heart is bursting with sorrow; add to all these inevitable ills the constant labour of practice and rehearsal, the caprice of the public, the tyranny of managers, the rarity of excellence, the misery of defeat, and the uncertainty of health and capability, and then one might ask who would be an actor who could be any thing else!

HENRY PHILIP HOPE, Esq.—We regret to have to record the death of this estimable gentleman, who died on Thursday last at the seat of Viscount Beresford. Mr. Hope was the uncle of the member for Gloucester, and brother-in-law of the Viscountess Beresford. Like his brother, the late Thomas Hope, Esq., the subject of our notice, was remarkable for his highly-cultivated mind, and his just and elegant taste in the Fine Arts. In his youth he had visited every part of Europe, and various portions of Asia, particularly Turkey. He was conversant with and spoke seven different languages, and maintained an extensive correspondence with learned men in all parts of Europe. He had formed one of the most perfect collections of diamonds and precious stones that has, perhaps, been ever possessed by a private individual. We understand it is valued at 150,000*l*. Although possessed of an ample fortune, his habits were of the most simple and unostentatious nature; he seemed to regard wealth only as the means of doing good. A few years ago he inherited, upon the death of a relative, a large fortune, which he divided at once

with his nephews. A principal contributor to all, without exception, of the public charities of the metropolis; he distributed annually in private charity many thousands. His was the melting heart and open hand, and many an aching heart that at this season of the year would have been relieved and cheered by his bounty, will have to deplore the loss of their benefactor.

SEPTEMBER (From "the Comic Almanac for 1840.")—I'll have an excursion, a bit of desertion, September diversion, and where shall I go? If pleasure you mean, sir, at Windsor's the Queen, sir, I'd have you go in, sir, and see all the show.—At once, gay of heart, then for Windsor we start, and at Paddington see me in train to depart; and as steam's all the go, as you very well know, if we go slow to Windsor, we'll go quick to Slough.—The engine's a great 'un (at desperate rate on, 'twill speed us nor heed us, while we laugh and scoff), all happy go merry, like gunpowder, werry, as soon as its fired the train will go off!—How rapid our pace is! I swear all the places, like horses at races, do seem to fly by! Oh! how precious quick now, and see if you're sick now, there's Baling to cure you, so physic's my eye! See old Mr. Zitters, who dotes upon bitters, and, in the West Indies, but wormwood in shrubs; behold him alight now, to get appetite now (still bitters for ever!) at famed Wormwood Scrubs.—Here's Hanwell, where Smileem now weeps in th' Asylum; through moonshine and credit his trade cut its stick; woe followed his laughter, his wits they went after; a lunatic victim to Luna and tick! Well, now we're at Slough, and no further need go, our railleury's over, the train has cried "wo!" Bus the "bus," out and in, stows away thick and thin; dirty and clean, fat and lean, there for Windsor they pack; the sorry nags speed, very sorry indeed, with a whip at the flank, and a load at the back.—Now, all in a bustle, we rush to the Castle, and here comes the Queen ever smiling and gay; Hurrah! and God save her! she could not look braver; but those jockies in livery, pray where are they?—Oh! keep back your sneers, and hold in your jeers, they're her Majesty's Ministers, Princes, and Peers. With their dingy blue jackets, and collars of red, their old Windsor uniforms looking so dead; they might well pass for "Uniform Postmen" instead.—Now farewell and adieu to the Queen's retinue; for onward we strode, in the royal abode, where fine ancient paintings, paraded to view, are shown by an ignorant thick-headed dunce, whose brogue murders Masters and English at once—"Look here is, an' plase ye, Paul-very-unaisy, and bad luck if there an't a rale Rembrandt;" so if Dan did but follow the old fellow's tail, he'd be quite pleased to hear him call Raphael Rapale!—But it's going to rain, and, although, to a man, we would have the Queen's reign be as long as it can; yet, as soaking's "no go," we must rush back to Slough, where panting and gasping for breath we are dinn'd, sir—with "What is the matter! you're quite out of Wind sir."

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.—It seems that it is not in America alone that the natives "stuff" the over-inquisitive traveller with sad tales against themselves. An English Clergyman travelling in Prussia, is very anxious to record his impression of the state of morals in Berlin, but unwilling to expose himself to the danger of temptations, he addresses himself to one who was "neither very young, nor very ignorant; neither a man of pleasure, nor a man of the world," on the subject, and receives the subjoined answer:—

"I had occasion to inquire of one whose opportunities of judging were excellent, how Berlin, and indeed Prussia in general, might in this respect be accounted of? and I received an answer, which I give almost in his own words:—'Berlin,' said he, 'is a scene of constant intrigue. We don't all drink, we don't all play—but we all intrigue. From the prince to the peasant, each has his *affaire d'amour* in hand, and we care very little though all the world should know it. Of the rest of Prussia I am less competent to speak; but you will probably find that what takes place in the capital, takes place in the provinces also.'

"Startled by an avowal so candid, I became naturally anxious to ascertain to what causes my friend attributed a state of things, the evils attending which he did not scruple to deplore. In this respect, however, I found him either less willing or less able to be communicative. I hinted at the mischievous tendency of the law of divorce, but he would not agree with me. 'It was better,' he said, 'that every facility should be afforded for the dissolution of the marriage contract, that that persons should live together unhappily.' I asked, whether there was no principle of religion in the land, to operate as a check upon the indulgence of men's vicious humours. 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'we are a very religious people. Don't you see a church in every parish? But our religion takes no heed of such matters as these, and we should soon quarrel with it, if it did.'

"And your clergy," continued I,—"are they without weight enough to make their example felt, even where their precepts may fail in securing attention?"

"Our clergy," replied he, with a smile,—"why, yes, they are very excellent people in their way,—very good men, without doubt: but really no human being pays the slightest regard either to what they say, or what they do."

"Well, but the Gospel, on which your religion professes to be founded, is it quite held at nought among you?"

"My answer was another smile, of which I could not, without real pain, stop to analyze the import. He immediately added, however, as if conscious that he was treading upon delicate ground, 'The Gospels are by no means slightly estimated among us. We all admit that the code of morals taught in them is perfect,—but—but—we don't profess to be guided by it.'

VALUE OF TIME.—Had Mr. James been an Editor he could not have better expressed the following truth which we find in "Henry of Guise." Let all loungers read it and "remember."

"In our dealings with each other there is nothing which we so miscalculate as the ever-varying value of time—and indeed it is but too natural to look upon it as it seems to us, and not as it seems to others. The slow

idler, on whose hands it hangs heavy, holds the man of business by the button, and remorselessly robs him on the king's highway of a thing ten times more valuable than his purse, which would hang him if he took it."

CLERICAL BON MOT.—A Reverend Doctor was lately travelling from London to — in the mail coach; it so fell out that he and a lady were the only persons occupying the interior of the vehicle. He therefore essayed to draw the lady out in the way of conversation, but to no effect; so he resigned himself to the embraces of Morpheus, which example the lady shortly thereafter followed. Subsequently the mail coach halted at the lady's residence; footmen were in attendance to hand her ladyship from the carriage, which attendance the lady was in the act of receiving, when the Rev. Doctor facetiously remarked, "Why, Madam, we must not part without shaking hands, as 'tis probably the last time we may sleep together;" which the lady, highly amused, assented to by a cordial pressure of the hand.

A GOOD NAME IMPERISHABLE.

From the London Sun.

A correspondent inquires why we call the Bishop of Exeter "Old Toby." We are not a little surprised at the question, as we had supposed that the circumstances to which the Right Reverend Prelate is indebted for his *alias* were too generally known to require explanation. As we find, however, that we were mistaken in this supposition, we shall proceed to gratify the laudable curiosity of our Correspondent, and it may be, of others, by a detail of the particulars which attended the Bishop's second christening.

It is needless to say that Dr. Philpotts is the most celebrated of pamphleteers. It was, in fact, by means of the pamphleteering system that he worked his way to the mitre. Every step of the ladder by which he mounted the Episcopal Bench was formed of a pamphlet. That those productions were good in one sense, it would be in vain to deny. In so far as the goodness of any thing depends on its adaptation to the purpose for which it is intended, they were of the first order of excellence. The author flattered his friends, and railed at his enemies, to a degree, and with a tact, that threw all his competitors in that line of author-craft completely into the shade.

For Dr. Van Mildert, the late Bishop of Durham, the most fulsome praise was too faint; for Lord Grey and Mr. Canning no invective was too bitter, no abuse too gross. The former silly old man had the richest rectory in the kingdom in his gift, and was therefore easily persuaded that he was the most learned man that ever wore a mitre. The latter persons were the warmest and ablest advocates of Catholic emancipation, of which our hero was then—though he afterwards rattled—the most uncompromising and inveterate opponent. At this period of his life every year produced half-a-dozen of these characteristic brochures, no incident being allowed to escape public notice, that could, by any possibility, be made a peg to hang a pamphlet on.

Now, it so happened that in one of the last debates on the Catholic question in the House of Commons, in which Mr. Canning took a part, Lord Lyndhurst (then Sir John Copley), a man of kindred principles with Dr. Philpotts, took it into his head to make a foaming speech against the Catholics; but as Providence has been pleased, happily for his country, to neutralize that Learned Lord's talents by an unconquerable indolence of disposition, he saved himself the trouble of hunting for arguments in his own mind, and delivered, almost *verbatim*, the Reverend Doctor's last pamphlet on the subject. The plagiarism was evident to the whole House.

When the Learned Gentleman sat down, Mr. Canning rose to reply, and commenced his speech with the following quotation from a well-known song:—

Dear Tom, this brown jug, which thus foams with mild ale,
Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the vale,
Was once Toby Philpotts—

the peals of laughter which, as may easily be supposed, followed these words, uttered as they were, in a kind of chaunt, made the old walls of St. Stephen's Chapel ring again, and Dr. Philpotts has, ever since, rejoiced in the appropriate and beautiful *admonition* of "Old Toby." The Rectory of Stanhope, the gift of the rich man, is gone, but the gift of the man of genius remains, and will remain with the grateful possessor to the end of his life. May we not even prophesy that it will long survive him? And may we not hence draw the important inference that, while the good things of this life pass away, a good name is imperishable?

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF AN ADVENTURER.

When things are at the worst, they are sure to mend, says the old adage; and the hero of the following narrative is a case in point. Dick Diddler was a distant connexion, by the mother's side, of the famous Jeremy, immortalized by Kenny. He was a shrewd, reckless adventurer, gifted with an elastic conscience that would stretch like Indian-rubber, and a genius for raising the wind unsurpassed by *Æolus* himself. At the period to which this tale refers, he had dissipated at the minor West-end hells, and elsewhere, the last farthing of a pittance which he inherited from his father; and was considerably in arrears with his landlady, a waspish gentlewoman who rented what she complacently termed "an airy house" in the windiest quarter of Camden Town. This was embarrassing; but Dick was not one to despair. He had high animal spirits, knowledge of the world, imperturbable self-possession, good exterior, plausible address, and a modesty which he felt persuaded would never stand in the way of his advancement.

Thousands of London adventurers, it has been observed, rise in the morning without knowing how they shall provide a meal for the day. Our hero was just now in this predicament, for he had not even now the means

of procuring a breakfast. Something, however, must be done, and that immediately, so he applied himself to a cracked bell which stood on his ill-conditioned table; and, while waiting his landlady's answer to the tinnabulary summons, occupied himself by casting a scrutinizing glance at his outer Adam. Alas! there was little here to gratify the eye of taste and gentility! His coat was in that peculiar state denominated "seedy," his linen was as yellow as a sea-sick cockney, and his trousers evinced tokens of an antiquity better qualified to inspire reverence than admiration.

Just as he had completed his survey, his landlady entered the room, accompanied by her first born,—a hopeful youth, with a fine expanse of mouth calculated seriously to perplex a quatern loaf. Dick perused her features attentively, and thought he had never before seen her look so ugly. But this of course: Venus herself would look a fright, if she came to dun for money.

"Ah, poppet, is that you?" exclaimed Dick, affectionately patting the urchin's head, by way of an agreeable commencement to the conversation; "Why, how the dear boy grows! Blessings on his pretty face; he's the very image of his Ma!"

"Come, come, Mr. Diddler," replied Mrs. Dibbs, "that language won't do no longer. You've been blessing little Tom twice a day ever since you got into my books, but I'm not going to take out my account in blessings. Blessings won't pay my milk-score, so I must have my money,—and this very day too, for I've got a bill to make up to-morrow."

"Have patience, my good lady, and all will be right."

"Ay, so you've said for the last month; but saying's one thing, and doing's another."

"Very good,"

"But it ain't very good; it's very bad."

"Well, well, no matter, Mrs. D——"

"No matter! But I say it is a great matter,—a matter of ten pounds fifteen shillings, to say nothing of them oysters what you did me out on last night."

"Exactly so; and you shall have it all this very day, for it so happens that I'm going into the City to receive payment of a debt that has been owing me since November last. And this reminds me that I have not yet breakfasted; so pray send up—now don't apologize, for you could not possibly have known that I had an appointment in Fenchurch-street at ten o'clock."

"Breakfast!" exclaimed Mrs. Dibbs with a disdainful toss of her head; "no, no; not a mouthful shall you have till I get my money: I'm quite sick of your promises."

"Nay, but my dear Mrs. D——"

"It's no use argufying the pint; what I've said, I'll stand to. Come, Tom—drat the boy! why don't you come?" and so saying, the choleric dame, catching fast hold of her son by the pinafore, flounced out of the room, banging the door after her with the emphasis of a hurricane.

Dick remained a few minutes behind, in the hope that breakfast might yet be forthcoming; but finding that there was not the slightest prospect of his landlady's relenting, he, in the true spirit of an indignant Briton, consigned her "eyes" to perdition; and, having thus exorcised his wrath, began to furnish up his faded apparel. He tucked in his saffron shirt-collar; buttoned up his coat to the chin, refreshing the white seams with the "Patent Reviver;" smoothed round his silk hat, which luckily was in good preservation; and then rushed out of the house with the desperate determination of breakfasting at some one's expense. There is nothing like the gastric juice to stimulate a man's ingenuity. It is the secret of half the poetic inspiration in our literature.

Chance—or perhaps that ruling destiny which, do what we will, still sways all our actions—led Dick's steps in the direction of the Hampstead Road. It was a bright, cool, summer morning; the housemaids were at work with their brooms outside the cottages; the milkman was going his rounds with his "sky-blue;" and the shiny porter-pots yet hung upon the garden rails. As our hero moved onward, keeping his mouth close shut, lest the lively wind might act too excitingly on his unfurnished epigastrium, his attentive optics chanced to fall on a cottage, in the front parlour of which the window being open, he beheld a sight that roused all the shark or alderman within him,—to wit, a breakfast set forth in a style that might have created an appetite "under the ribs of death." Dick stopped: the case was desperate; but his self-possession was equal to the emergency. "A Mr. Smith lives here," said he, running his eye hastily over the premises: "the bower, and the wooden god, those trees so neatly clipped, and that commonplace-looking terrier sleeping at the gate, with his nose poked through the rails, all betoken the habits and fancies of a Smith. Good! I will favour the gentleman with a call;" and with these words Dick gave a vehement pull at the garden-bell.

"Is Mr. Smith at home?" he inquired with an air of easy assurance that produced an instant effect on the girl who answered the bell.

"No, sir."

"Upon my life, that's very awkward; particularly so as he requested me to be——"

"Oh! I suppose, then, you're the gentleman that was expected here to breakfast this morning?"

"The very same, my dear."

"Well," continued the girl unlocking the gate, "master desired me to say that you were to walk in, and not wait for him, for he had to go into Tottenham-court Road on business, and should not be back for an hour."

Dick took the hint, walked in, and in an instant was hard at work.

How he punished the invigorating coffee! What havoc he wrought among the eggs and French rolls; Never was seen such voracity since the days of the ventripotent Heliogabalus. His expedition was on a par with his prowess, for Mr. Smith's guest being momentarily expected, he felt that he had not a moment to lose. Accordingly, after doing prompt, impartial justice to every article on table, he coolly rang the bell, and, without noticing the muttered "My stars!" of the servant as she glanced at the wreck before her, he desired her to tell Mr. Smith that, as he had a visit to pay in the neighbourhood, he could not wait longer for him, but would call again in the course of the day; and then, putting on his hat with an air, he quitted the cottage on the best possible terms with him-

self and all the world. There is nothing like good eating and drinking to bring out the humanities.

Having no professional duties to attend to, Dick strolled on to Hampstead Heath, where he seated himself on a bench that commands an extensive view towards the west and north. Here he continued musing upwards of an hour, in that buoyant mood which a good breakfast never fails to call forth. It was early yet to trouble himself about dinner or his landlady's bill; and Dick was not the man to recognise a grievance till it stared him in the face, when, if he could not give it the cut direct, he would boldly confront and grapple with it: so he occupied himself with whistling one of Macheath's songs in the Beggar's Opera.

While thus idling away his time, and picturing in his mind's eye the perplexed visages of Mr. Smith and his guest when they should be come acquainted with the extent of their calamity, Dick's attention was suddenly directed to the sound of voices near him. He listened; and, from the dulcet accents in which the conversation was carried on, felt persuaded that the parties were making love. Curious to ascertain who they were, he retreated behind one of the broadest elms on the terrace, and there beheld a dry old maid, thin as a thread-paper, and straight as a stick of sealing-wax, smirking and affecting to blush at something that was whispered in her ear by a young man. Our adventurer fancied that the latter's person was familiar to him; so, the instant the enamoured turtles separated, he emerged from his hiding-place, and saw, advancing towards the bench he had just quitted, an old com-rogue, to whom in his better days he had lost many a sum at the gaming-table.

The recognition was mutual.

"What! Dick Diddler?"

"What! Sam Spragge?"

"Why, Sam, what has brought you here at this hour?" quoth our hero.

Samuel smiled, and pointed significantly towards the ancient virgin, who was just then crossing the Heath, near the donkey-stand.

"Hem! I understand. Much property?"

"Eight hundred a year at her own disposal, and two thousand *three per cents* at the death of a crusty, invalid brother-in-law, who lives with her in that old-fashioned house she is now entering."

"Eight hundred a year!" said Dick musing; "lucky dog! And how long have you known her?"

"Oh! an eternity. Three days."

"And where did you pick her up?"

"Under a gateway in Camden Town, where we were both standing up from the rain."

"You seem to have made excellent use of your time."

"Nothing easier. I could see at a glance that she was quite as anxious for a husband as I am for a rich wife; so, after some indifferent chat about the weather, &c, I prevailed on her to accept of my escort home; talked lots of sentiment as we jogged along under my umbrella; praised her beauty to the skies,—for she is inordinately vain, though ugly enough, as you must have seen, to scare a ghost—and, in short, did not quit her till she had promised to meet me on the following day."

"And she kept her word, no doubt?"

"Yes, I have now seen her four times, and am sure that if I could but muster up funds enough for a Gretna-green trip,—for she has all the romance of a boarding-school girl,—I could carry her off this very night. But I cannot, Dick, I cannot;" and Sam heaved a sigh that was quite pathetic.

"Can you not borrow of her?—'tis for her own good, you know."

"Impossible! I have represented myself as a man of substance; and, were she once to suppose me otherwise, so quick-witted is she on money matters, that she would instantly give me my dismissal."

"And what is your angel's name?"

"Priscilla Spriggins."

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Dick with a sudden burst of emotion, "from my soul I pity you; but, alas! sympathy is all I have to offer:—look here!" and, turning his empty pockets inside out, he displayed two holes therein, about as big as the aperture of a mouse-trap.

An expressive pause followed this touching exhibition; shortly after which the two adventurers parted,—Sam returning towards London, with a view, no doubt, of seeking, like Apollyon, "whom he might devour;" and Dick remaining where he was, casting ever and anon a glance towards the house where the fair Priscilla vegetated, and meditating, the while, on the revelation that had just been made to him.

Tired at length of reverie, he rose from the bench, and made his way back into Hampstead,—slowly, for every step was bringing him nearer the residence of his unreasonable landlady. On passing down by Mount Vernon, he beheld the walls on either side of him placarded with hand-bills announcing that an auction was to take place that day at a large old family mansion (the by-streets of Hampstead abound in such) close by; and, on moving towards the spot, he saw, by the groups of people who were lounging at the open door, that the sale had already begun. By way of killing an idle half-hour or so, Dick entered; and, elbowing his way up stairs, soon found himself in a spacious drawing-room, crowded with pictures, vases, old porcelain, and other articles of *virtu*.

Just at that moment the auctioneer put up a landscape painting by one of the old masters, on which he expatiated with the customary professional eloquence.

"Going, ladies and gentlemen, going for two hundred pounds—undoubted Paul Potter—highly admired by the late lamented Lawrence—sheep so naturally coloured, you'd swear you could hear 'em bleat—frame, too, in excellent condition—going—going—"

"Two hundred and thirty!" said a small gentleman in spectacles, raising himself on tip-toe to catch the auctioneer's eye.

"Two hundred and fifty," shouted another.

"Going for two hundred and fifty," said the man in the rostrum; after a pause, "upon my word, ladies and gentlemen, this is giving away the picture. Pray look at that fore-shortened old ram in the background; why, his two horns alone are worth the money. Let me beg, for the honour of art, that——"

"Three hundred!" roared Dick, with an intrepid effrontery that extorted universal respect,—for to his other amiable qualities he added that of being a "brag" of the first water, and was proud, even though it were but for a moment, of displaying his consequence among strangers.

As this was the highest bidding, the picture was knocked down to our hero, who, having cracked his joke, and gratified his swaggering propensities, was about to beat a retreat, when he found his elbow twitched by a nervous, eager little man,—a duodecimo edition of a virtuoso,—who had only that moment entered the room.

"So you have purchased that Paul Potter, sir, I understand," said the stranger, wiping the perspiration from his bald head, and evidently struggling with his vexation.

Dick nodded an affirmative, not a little curious to know what would come next.

"Bless my soul, how unlucky! To think that I should have been only five minutes too late, and such a run as I had for it! Excuse the liberty I am taking, but have you any wish to be off your bargain, sir?—not that I am particularly anxious about the picture—I merely ask for information; that's all, sir, I assure you," added the virtuoso, aware that he had committed himself, and endeavouring to retrieve his blunder.

Dick cast one of his most searching glances at the stranger; and, reading in his countenance the anxiety he would fain have concealed under a show of indifference, said in his slyest and most composed manner,

"May I beg to be favoured with your name, sir?"

"Smithson, sir,—Richard Smithson, agent to Lord Theodore Thick-skull, whose picture-gallery I have the honour of a commission to furnish; and happening to read a day or two ago in the 'Times' that a few old paintings were to be disposed of by auction here on the premises, I thought, perhaps—"

"Indeed! That alters the case," replied our hero with an air of dignified courtesy, "for I have some slight acquaintance with his lordship myself."

"Bless my soul, how odd!—how uncommon odd! Possibly, then, for my lord's sake, you will not object to—"

"No," replied Dick smiling, "I did not say that."

"Rely on it, sir," continued the fidgety little virtuoso, "you are mistaken in your estimate of that painting. They say it is a Paul Potter; but it's no such thing—no such thing, sir."

"Then why are you so anxious to get possession of it?"

"Who? I, sir? Bless my soul, I'm not anxious. I merely thought that as his lordship was particularly partial to landscapes, he might be tempted, perhaps, to give more—"

"Well," said Dick, eager to bring the matter to a conclusion, "as I have no very pressing desire to retain the picture, though it is the very thing for my library in Mount-street, you shall have it; but on certain conditions."

"Name them, my dear sir, name them," said the virtuoso, his eyes sparkling with animation.

"I have bought the painting," resumed Dick, "for three hundred guineas; now, you shall have it for six hundred. You see I put the matter quite on a footing of business, without the slightest reference to his lordship."

"Six hundred guineas! Bless my soul, impossible!"

"As you please," replied our hero with exquisite nonchalance; "I am indifferent about the matter."

"Say four hundred, sir."

"Not a farthing less. The pictures in this house, as the advertisement which brought me up here at this unseasonable hour, before I had even time to complete my toilette, justly observes, have been long celebrated, and—"

"I'll give you five hundred," replied Smithson, cutting short Dick's remarks.

"Well, well, for his lordship's sake—"

"Good!" exclaimed the virtuoso; and hurrying Dick to a more quiet corner of the room, he took out pen and inkhorn, wrote a check on a West-end banker for the amount of the balance, thrust it into his hand, and then, after assuring him that he would arrange everything with the auctioneer, and would not trouble him to stay longer, hurried away towards the rostrum, as though he feared our hero would repent the transfer of a painting for which he himself imagined he should be able to screw about eight hundred pounds out of his lordship, who was remarkable for the readiness with which he paid through the nose.

No sooner had Dick lost sight of Mr. Smithson, than away he flew from the house, bounding and taking big leaps like a ram, till he reached the main street, when, changing his exultant pace for a more sober and gentlemanlike one, he hailed the Hampstead coach, which was about leaving the office, snugly ensconced himself inside, and within the hour was deposited at Charing-cross.

"Coachman," quoth our hero, as the Jehu, having descended from his box, held out his hand to receive the usual fare, "I am rather delicately situated."

"Humph!" replied the man, who seemed perfectly to comprehend, though not to sympathise with, the delicacy of the case, "sorry for it; but master always says, says he—"

"The fact is," continued Dick, interrupting what bade fair to become a prolix Philippic, "though I have not a farthing in my pocket, having forgotten to take out my purse this morning, yet as I am just going to receive cash for a two hundred pound cheque, and shall return with you to Hampstead, I presume the delay of an hour will make no great difference."

The coachman, whose white round face usually beamed with all the bland expression of a turnip, evinced symptoms of an uneasy distrust at this speech; but when Dick exhibited the cheque, not relishing the idea of a "bolt," long experience having no doubt taught him that coachmen running after a fare are apt to run with most inconvenient velocity—when, I say, Dick exhibited this convincing scrap of paper, all Jehu's suspicions

vanished, and, touching the shining edge of his hat, he absolved our hero from extempore payment, with a bow that might have done honour to a Margate dancing-master.

This knotty point settled, the ingenious Richard next posted off in a cab to the banker's,—for it was beneath his dignity to walk,—presented his cheque, received the amount, placed it securely in his waistcoat pocket, and then made all possible haste to a well-known shop in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, where every item necessary to perfect the man of fashion may be procured at a minute's notice.

Our hero entered the shop in a condition bordering upon the shabby genteel, though his person and address were a handsome set-off against the infirmities of his apparel: he came out dressed in the very height of ton. The hue of his linen was unimpeachable; his coat was guiltless of a wrinkle. Then his gay, glossy silk waistcoat, to say nothing of—but enough; the metamorphosis was complete—the snake had cast its skin—the grub was transformed into the butterfly.

But, startling as was the change which his Hampstead speculation had wrought in his person, still more so was its effect on his mind. Here an entire revolution was already in full activity. Vast ideas fermented in his brain. He no longer crept along with the downcast look of an adventurer, but stared boldly about him, as one conscious that he was somebody. And so he was. It is not every one who cuts a figure at the West-end that can boast of two hundred pounds!

On his road back to Charing-cross, the first object which caught our hero's eye was the Hampstead coach preparing to set out on its return. The sight brought to his recollection the fair Priscilla Spriggins; and in an instant, with the decision of a Napoleon, he resolved to make a "Bold Stroke for a Wife," and carry her off to Gretna that very night. The scheme was hopeless, you will say: granted; but Dick was formed to vanquish, not be vanquished by, circumstances. "Faint heart never won fair lady," said he; "so here goes;" and in he popped.

It was now about two o'clock, the hour when the fair inhabitants of cockney Arcadia are in the habit of taking the air on the Heath, some with work-bags, some with the "last new novel," but the majority with "Bentley's Miscellany" in their hands. Dick no sooner reached the donkey-stand, than he seated himself on a bench close by,—where two young ladies were standing, fondly imagining that they beheld Windsor Castle through a spy-glass,—and looked anxiously about him, to see if he could detect Miss Spriggins among the peripatetics. But no Priscilla was visible. How, therefore, should he act? "Wait," said common sense; so Dick waited.

Half an hour had elapsed, and he was beginning to get impatient, when suddenly, on casting his eyes towards the lady's house, he saw the door open, and Miss Spriggins herself stepped forth, with a novel in one hand, and a pea-green parasol in the other. Dick watched her motions as a cat watches a mouse: saw her steal away towards a retired quarter of the Heath, and, having made up his mind as to the line of conduct he should pursue, started from his seat and followed quickly in her wake.

On reaching her side, "Miss Spriggins, I presume?" said he with a profound obeisance.

"The same, sir," replied the surprised Priscilla.

"Ah! madam," resumed Dick, bursting at once into a sentimental vein, for he felt that every minute was precious, "happy am I to see that enchanting face once more."

"Excuse me, sir," said Miss Spriggins, affecting to bridle up; "but really I do not comprehend—"

"Comprehend, madam!—and how should you? I scarcely comprehend myself. But how should it be otherwise, when for weeks past I have daily wandered over this romantic heath, hoping, but, alas! in vain, to catch one stray gleam of that sunny beauty which last April—how well I remember the date!—so riveted my fancy as it flashed on me from the front drawing-room of yonder house?" and Dick pointed towards Priscilla's dwelling.

"Really, sir, this language—"

"Is the language of frenzy, maybe; but it is the language also of passion. Ah! madam, if you but knew the flame that one casual glimpse of your bewitching countenance lit up in my unhappy heart, you would pity what I now feel. Would to God that you were as much a stranger to me as I am to you, for then I should cease to be the wretch I am;" and Dick, having no onion ready, turned away his head, and covered his face with his handkerchief.

"Sir," replied Miss Spriggins, startled, yet far from displeased, "I really know not what answer to make to this most extraordinary—"

"Extraordinary, madam! Is it extraordinary to admire beauty—to reverence perfection—to live but in the hope of again seeing her, who, once seen, can never be forgotten—is this extraordinary? If so, then am I the most extraordinary of men. Revered Priscilla,—Miss Spriggins I should say,—your beauty has undone me. I should have joined my regiment at Carlisle ere now; but you, and you only, have kept me lingering in this sylvan district. Ah, lady! Captain Felix O'Flam was a happy man till he saw you,—happy, even though deceived by one whom he once thought his friend."

The fair Priscilla, whose predominant infirmity, as has been before observed, was an indigestion of celibacy, could not witness the affliction of the dashing young man before her, without sympathising with him; perceiving which, Dick continued, "I see you pity me, lady, and your pity would be still more profound did you know all. It is no later than last week that I became acquainted with the arts of an adventurer named Spragge, who, for months previously, having wormed himself into my confidence, has led me to believe that—"

"Spragge!" interrupted Miss Spriggins with a look of huge dismay; "and pray what sort of a person may he have been?"

In reply, Dick described Sam to the life; whereupon his companion, no longer able to conceal her rage, exclaimed abruptly, "The wretch!—what an escape have I had!"

"Escape, madam! How so? Has the villain dared to deceive you as he has me? I know that he is one of those plausible, unprincipled ad-

venturers about town, who make a point of preying on the unwary—and such must he have considered me, when he introduced himself one morning as a relation of the commanding officer of my regiment;—but that he should have presumed to—

"Oh no, captain," replied Miss Spriggins with evident embarrassment; "I was never his dupe. He merely called,—if indeed it be the same person, as I feel convinced it is,—one day last week at my brother's, on some pretence or other—which—which—But I have done with him, the monster!"

"Call on you, madam!" replied Dick, adroitly giving in to the lady's little deviation from fact, "call on you, when I dared not approach your threshold! But enough—I'll cut his throat!"

"No, no, captain; believe me, he is unworthy of your revenge."

"You say right, madam; for, since I have found reason to suspect him, I have instituted inquiries into his character, and am told that he is beneath contempt. Why—would you believe it!—the fellow has been twice ducked in a horse-pond, for thimble-rigging, at Epsom,—flogged at the cart's tail for petty larceny, rubbed down with vinegar and set in the black-hole to dry."

"Mercy on us! you don't say so?"

"Fact. But to quit this unworthy theme, and revert to a more pleasing one:—May I, lady,"—and Dick here put on his most wheedling air,—may I, having at length been honoured with one interview with you, presume to hope for a second? Say only, that we may again meet,—nay, that this very evening we may take a stroll together through these sequestered shades,—and make me the happiest of men. Alas! I once thought that fortune alone was necessary to constitute felicity; but, now that I have *that*, I feel 'tis as nothing; and that love,—disinterested, impassioned love—is the main ingredient in the cup of human bliss. Give me but the woman I adore, and I ask—I expect nothing further; but wealth without her is a mere mockery."

This rhapsody had more effect on his companion than anything Dick had yet said. It was a shot between wind and water.

"Oh, captain!" replied Priscilla, "I appreciate your generous sentiments; and, to convince you that I am not unworthy to share them, will—however strange it may appear in a young and timid female—consent to see you once more. But, remember, it must be our last interview;" and she sighed,—and so did Dick.

"Adieu, then, idol of my soul! if so I may presume to call you," exclaimed this ingenious young man; "adieu, till the shades of twilight lengthen along the horse-pond hard by the donkey-stand, when we will meet again, and the thrice-blessed Felix!" Dick stopped; seized the lady's hand, which she faintly struggled to withdraw; imprinted on it a kiss that "came twanging off," as Massinger would say; and then tore himself away, as if fearful of trusting himself with farther speech.

On quitting Priscilla's side, Dick rattled across the fields to Highgate, wondering at the success that had thus far crowned his efforts. "Will she keep her appointment?" said he. "Yes, yes; I see it in her eye. The 'captain' has done the business; never was there so conceited an old lass!" and, thus soliloquising, he found himself at the door of the best hotel in Highgate, strutted into the coffee-room, and rang the bell for the waiter.

The man answered his summons, cast a shrewd glance at his exterior, and, satisfied with the scrutiny, made a low bow, prefaced by a semicircular flourish of his napkin.

"Waiter," said Dick, with the air of a prince, "show me into a private room, and let it be your best."

"Please to follow me, sir," replied the man; and, so saying, he ushered our hero into a spacious apartment, which commanded a picturesque view of a brick-field, with a pig-sty in the back-ground.

"Good!" said Dick, and throwing himself full-length on a sofa, he ordered an early dinner, cold, but of the best quality, together with one bottle of madeira, and another of port, by way of appendix.

Well; the dinner came, wine ditto, and both were excellent. Glass after glass was filled and emptied, and Dick felt his spirits mounting into the seventh heaven of enjoyment. His thoughts were winged; his prospects radiant with the sunny hues of hope. The fair Priscilla was his own,—his grievances were at an end,—and he henceforth could snap his fingers at fate. Happy man!

Having despatched his madeira, and two or three supplementary glasses of port, so that one bottle might not be jealous of the attentions paid to the other, Dick summoned the waiter into his presence, paid his bill like a lord, and concluded by ordering a post-chaise and four to be ready for him within two hours within a certain lane which he specified, and which led off the high-road a few yards beyond the turnpike. Of course the man understood the drift of this order. Dick, however, took no notice of his knowing simper; but, telling him that he should return in a short time, stalked from the hotel as if the majesty of England were centered in his person.

On returning to the heath, he found, as he had expected, the fair Priscilla awaiting his advent by the horse-pond. She received him with a blush, to which he replied by a squeeze; and then, emboldened by the wine he had drunk, went on in a strain of high-flown panegyric which rapidly thawed the heart of the too susceptible Miss Spriggins. Dick was not the lad to do things by halves. Neck or nothing was his motto; and accordingly, before he had been ten minutes in company with his fair one, he succeeded in drawing from her a confession that she preferred him to all the suitors she had ever had. This point gained, our hero adroitly changed the conversation; talked of his prospects when his father's estates in the north should come into his possession; of his friend Lord Theodore Thickskull, to whom he should be so proud to introduce his Priscilla; and of his intention to sell out of the army the instant she consented to be his.

Thus chatting, Dick—accidentally, to all appearance—drew his companion on towards Highgate, when, suddenly putting on a look of extreme wonder, he exclaimed, "Who'd have thought it? We are close by the Tunnel. Ah! dearest Priscilla, you see how time flies when we are with

those we love! And, now that you are here, my angel, you cannot surely refuse to honour my hotel with your presence. Nay, not a word; it is hard by, and I am sure you must be fatigued after your walk."

The lady protested that she could not think of entering an hotel with a single man. She did, however; and was so favourably impressed with the respect shown to Dick by the waiter, who with his finger beside his nose implied that all was ready, that had she ever harboured distrust, this circumstance alone would have effectually banished it from her mind.

No sooner had the parties entered Dick's Private apartment, than, strange to tell, they beheld a bottle of port wine standing on the table.—and lo! there also were two glasses! Of course our hero could not but present one to Priscilla, who received it, nothing loth, though affecting extreme coyness. Its effects were soon visible. Her bleak blue nose assumed a mulberry tinge, her eyes sparkled, and she simpered, languished, and ogled Dick, sighing the while, with a sort of die-away sensibility, intended to show the extreme tenderness of her nature. These blandishments, which our hero returned with compound interest, were, however, soon put an end to, by the lady's suddenly rising, and requesting him to *chaperon* her home, as it was getting late, and her brother would be uneasy at her absence. Dick complied, though with apparent reluctance, and as he passed through the hall with Priscilla hanging on his arm, he could see the landlady peeping at him through the yellow gauze blinds of the tap-room window.

It was now confirmed twilight; the dicky-birds were asleep in their nests; the Highgate toll-bar looked vague and spectral in the gloom; and nought disturbed the solemn silence of the hour, save the pot-boys calling "Beer!" at the cottages by the road side. As Dick rambled on, under the pretence of leading Miss Spriggins by a short cut home, his thoughts took the hue of the season, and he became pensive and abstracted. He looked at Priscilla, and sighed; while she reciprocated the respiration, heaving up from the depths of her *oesophagus* a sigh that might have upset a schooner. And thus the enamoured pair pursued their walk, Dick every now and then squeezing his companion's hand with the gentle compression of a blacksmith's vice. 'Twas a spectacle gratifying to a benevolent heart, the sight of those devoted lovers, so wrapt up in each other as to be regardless of the extraordinary beauties of the picturesque scenery about them. The dog-rose bloomed in the hedge, but they inhaled not its fragrance. The ducks quacked in the verdant ditch beside their path, but they heeded not their euphonious ejaculations. Their own sweet thoughts were enough for them. Surrounding nature was as nought,—they seemed alone in creation,—the sole denizens of Middlesex!

By this time the moon had climbed the azure vault of heaven; the last Omnibus had set down the last man; when lo! before he was aware of his contiguity, Dick found himself close by the turnpike. 'Twas a critical moment; but the young man was desperate, and desperation knows no impossibilities. Changing the sentimental tone he had hitherto adopted, he burst into the most phrenzied exclamations of grief; stated the necessity he was under of immediately joining his regiment at Carlisle, which he should have done long before had not his love for Priscilla kept him lingering in the vicinity of Hampstead; that he had not the heart to state this before; but, now that he had explained his situation, he felt that he should not survive the shock of a separation. "There," said he pointing to the carriage, which was but a few yards off, "there is the detested vehicle destined to bear me far from thee! Why had I not the candour to explain my position till this moment! Alas! who, situated as I am could have acted otherwise? Lady, I love—adore—doat—on you to distraction! Let us fly, then, and link our fates together. You speak not, alas!"

"Good Heavens!" replied the bewildered Miss Spriggins, "impossible! What would the world say? Oh fie, Captain Felix!—to think that I should have been exposed to—"

"Come, Priscilla,—my Priscilla,—and let us hasten to be happy. The respected clergyman at Gretna—"

"An elopement!—Monstrous!—Oh! that I should have lived to hear such a proposition!"

Need the sequel be insisted on? Dick wept, prayed, capered, tore his hair, and acted a thousand shrewd extravagances; swore he would hang himself to the toll-bar, or cut his throat with an oyster-knife, if his own dear Priscilla did not consent to unite her destiny with his; and, in fact, so worked upon the damsel's sensibilities, that she had no help for it but to gasp forth a reluctant consent. An instant, and all was ready for departure. Crack went the whip, round went the wheels, and away went the fond couple to Gretna-green, rattling along the high north road at the rate of fourteen miles an hour!

Thus he who at nine o'clock in the morning was an adventurer without a sixpence in his pocket, by the same hour in the evening was a gentleman in possession of a woman worth eight hundred pounds *per annum*!—Gentle reader, truth is strange,—stranger than fiction.

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